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SONGS AND BALLADS,
CHIEFLY OF THE REIGN OF PHILIP AND MARY.



SONGS AND BALLADS,

WITH OTHER SHORT POEMS,

CHIEFLY OF THE REIGN OF PHILIP AND MARY.

EDITED,

FROM A MANUSCRIPT IN THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM,

BY

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ET BELLES LETTRES).

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MDCCCLX.

The Roxburghe Club.

MDCCCLXI.

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TO THE PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS

OF

The Roxburghe Club

THIS COLLECTION OF OLD SONGS AND BALLADS

IS DEDICATED AND PRESENTED

BY THEIR OBEDIENT SERVANT,

ROBERT S. HOLFORD.

SEPTEMBER, 1860.

PREFACE.

THE celebrated antiquary, Thomas Hearne, had a custom, when he printed an old chronicle or any other historical work, of adding, under the title of Appendices or Notes, a quantity of miscellaneous matter, which had no relation whatever to the text of his book. It was thus that, in publishing an edition of the *Historia* of Gulielmus Neubrigensis, in 1719, he printed, among the materials collected together as an Appendix to his Preface, p. lxxxii., an early text of the ballad of Chevy Chace, stating that it was taken "out of an old MS. communicated to me by a learned friend." It is rather curious that Hearne should not have been aware that this "old manuscript" lay almost under his nose, for it was one of the treasures of the Library of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, marked as MS. Ashm. No. 48, and consisting of a very interesting collection of old English poetry. In 1802, when Ritson published his *Bibliographia Poetica*, he was equally ignorant of the existence of this MS., and he merely sneers at Hearne for supposing that the ballad of Chevy Chace was the work of a minstrel named Richard Sheale, whose name was attached to it, and for making him the author of several other pieces of poetry, and believing him to have been living in the year 1588; whereas Ritson declares that "the ballad is manifestly a composition of the preceding century." In the fourth volume of the last edition of Evans's Collection of Old

Ballads, published in 1810, a ballad "On the Murder of the two brothers Lewis and Edmond West, by the sons of Lord Darsy," is printed, in modernized orthography, "from a MS. in the Ashmole Library, Oxford."

This manuscript, indeed, appears to have been first brought to notice by Professor Conybeare, who contributed some account of it, with one or two short poems taken from it, to the thirteenth number of the *British Bibliographer*, in 1813. Since that time it has received very little attention, although it is in many respects one of the most curious collections of contemporary English poetry left us by the sixteenth century, and I feel quite sure that all who take an interest in the history of English literature will rejoice to see the whole of it in print. It is written in hands of the sixteenth century, to which, by themselves alone, it would be difficult to fix an exact date, but this date is determined by internal evidence of another description.

I have used the word in the plural, *hands*, in speaking of the writing, because the manuscript contains more than one handwriting, although the mass of the volume has been written by the same person. It is a selection of short poems most in vogue at the time, made by an individual, for some purpose or other. At folio 19 of the manuscript the handwriting suddenly changes, and is now that probably of a writer employed by the other, until folio 47, when the original writer resumes his task. At the end there are some additions in hands of a rather later date. Many of these poems have at the end names, which were no doubt those of the authors, but which are written by the hand of the copyist. I have already stated that the name of Richard Sheale is attached to the ballad of Chevy Chace, and the same name occurs at the end of several other pieces. The first of these (No. XVIII. in the present

volume) is a short moral poem, containing no allusions which would enable us to determine its date; but the poem which follows (No. XIX.), and which is written in exactly the same style, and probably by the same author, ends with a wish for the prosperity of King Philip and Queen Mary, and must therefore have been written after the summer of 1554, and before the November of 1558. A curious jocular poem on the Crab-tree (No. LIII.) also bears the date 1558. In another poem (No. XLVI.) Richard Sheale informs us that he was a minstrel, and relates a misfortune which had fallen upon himself, in which he had received kind relief from "his lord and master whom he served," and from the lord Strange. These, there can be hardly any doubt, were Edward earl of Derby and his eldest son Henry, who succeeded his father on his death in 1574. This would give a wider latitude to the date of the composition of the poem, had we not another (No. LVI.) to which the name of Sheale is attached, made to commemorate the death of Margaret countess of Derby, which occurred on the 19th of January, 1558, that is, of course, according to ordinary reckoning, January 1559, or the first year of queen Elizabeth. It must be remarked, that the poem last alluded to occurs in the latter part of the manuscript, whereas another piece, in an earlier part of the manuscript (No. XXVIII.), ends with a prayer for the welfare of Philip and Mary and of the Princess Elizabeth. On the other hand, there is another poem in the latter part of the manuscript (No. LI.), in which the earl of Northumberland, his brother Sir Harry Percy, and the lord Dacres, are mentioned, the first of whom was only raised to the title in 1557, and which was probably composed not very long after that date. And again, the event commemorated in the ballad on the murder of the two brothers Lewis and Edmond West (No. XVII.) occurred in the year 1556, and the ballad itself was evidently

contemporary.* We may, from a comparison of these facts, fairly conclude that this Ashmolean manuscript was written during the reign of Philip and Mary, and in the first year or years of that of Elizabeth.

There is another short poem (No. XLVIII.) bearing the name of Richard Sheale, besides those mentioned above. It is a metrical form of thanks for the hospitable entertainment which was the usual reward of his minstrelsy, and in it he twice repeats his own name of Sheale, and, as that name is placed at the end of the other pieces, we have in this circumstance a satisfactory proof that the names subscribed to the poetical pieces in this volume are really those of the authors, and not, as has been pretended, those of transcribers, which might, indeed, be assumed from the circumstance that a number of different persons could not have copied them all in the same hand-writing. Moreover, these verses by Sheale are so worthless in themselves, and so utterly devoid of interest at the time for anybody but the writer, that hardly any one but himself would have been likely to include them in a selection of poetry which was probably intended for public recitation. The same remark will apply to the longer piece, in which he describes his loss by robbery, and which was evidently intended as an appeal for contributions. The claim of Richard Sheale to be the collector of these poems and the principal writer of the manuscript appears to be supported by another circumstance. The verses in which Sheale

* This ballad has been printed in modern orthography in Hunter's South Yorkshire, vol. ii. p. 173, where some account of the feud between the Darcies and the Wests is given from contemporary documents. The Wests who were murdered were the two sons of Sir William West of Aughton, in the parish of Aston. The elder of the Darcies, John, by the intercession of friends, made up the quarrel with the widow of the man he had slain, but the younger fled to sanctuary at Westminster, where he did penance for his crime.

thanks his patrons for their hospitality (No. XLVIII.), and which were no doubt intended for constant use, had, as they first stood, the following lines before the last couplet,—

“ I wyll often be your gest,
Or els I wear a beast.”

As this was a very wretched couplet, and only expresses badly a sentiment which had been better expressed before, it has been erased, and in a manner which hardly leaves us room to doubt that the correction was made by the author of the verses himself.

In reply to this latter argument it may, however, be stated, that other poems in this manuscript have undergone similar corrections. The first article has some trifling changes of words which are preserved in our printed text as they appear in the manuscript. In the poem No. X. (page 30, line 10) the line was first written

“ Let hyme not spende to moche at large,”

the latter words of which were afterwards altered to “but kepe for age,” as they now stand, with more perfect rhyme. In another poem (No. XXIII.), which is given with the initials T. S. P., we have several rather important corrections of this kind. Thus, on page 75, the second line on the page was first written

“ Wyslye demure, and ryghte womanlye,”

which has a line drawn through it and the reading of the printed text written over it. A little below, the couplet which forms lines 9, 10, originally stood thus,—

And hur face ys as well proporcionyde
As be mans wite nede to be wisshede.

Further down on the same page, lines 29, 30, stood originally thus,—

This comlye cors, this my swete darlyng,
 Hathe goodly qualités to here belongynge.

In the next page of the same poem, p. 76, the couplet forming lines 17, 18, was first written as follows,—

And she knewe howe hite becommys hure,
 I thinke then she wolde use hite oftare.

When we compare this couplet with the one which is substituted for it, and which stands in our text—

I think therein she doth exsell,
 For hit becommys so wonderous well,

we should, no doubt, be led at once to believe that it was a correction of the author. And so again in the same page, p. 76, l. 30, where the original reading was,—

Be an ynche then when she ys standynge.

In the same manner, a line on the next page, p. 77, l. 8, which stood originally thus,—

Moche more to prayse then in my poware ys,

has been altered to,—

Moche more to prayse then I can devis.

On reading alterations like these, our first impression would naturally be that the manuscript of a poem containing them was the original copy of the author. But we see that in this manuscript they occur in poems by different authors ; and we must also bear in mind

that these poems probably did not exist in printed copies, to which the author might have given his last correction, but that they were transcribed from manuscript copies, often surreptitious and incorrect, or taken down from oral recitation. In either case, the copyist might have had an inaccurate text in the first instance, which he might have been able to correct from a better copy afterwards.

I confess that, after a careful consideration of the question, my own conviction is, that this most curious collection of poems was made by Richard Sheale, and that the greater part of it is in his handwriting. It is a most valuable illustration of a period of the history of English poetry which has been hitherto almost a blank, and introduces us to a number of poets of whose names even we were previously ignorant. In giving the best account I can of these, I will begin with the lowest in real poetical genius, and probably the lowest in social position, the collector of the poems contained in the manuscript.

RICHARD SHEALE was the author of five pieces in this volume, Nos. VIII., XVIII., XLVI., XLVIII., LVI. He was a professed minstrel, and tells us that he lived at Tamworth, and that he was a retainer, or dependent, of the earl of Derby, for there can hardly be a doubt that this is the nobleman to whom he alludes in the verses (No. XLVI.) as his "good lord and mastar." His wife, he tells us, gained money by going about to markets and fairs, such as those of Lichfield and Atherstone, and selling articles made of silk and linen, and other merchandize. By these and other means they had been able to lay aside sixty pounds, a large sum at that time, which was destined for the payment of debts in which they had become involved. Sheale's profession was also one of wandering, for he went about from house to house, receiving, pro-

bably, more in the shape of hospitality than in money in return for his performances. One day he set out on a journey, carrying this money with him, trusting for security to his character of a minstrel, for, as he tells, few who carried the harp were then suspected of possessing anything worth stealing; but it appears that some evil-disposed persons had obtained intimation of the truth, and as he passed near Dunsmore heath he was attacked by four men, who took his money from him. The distress into which this loss threw him was relieved by the liberality of his friends, the earl of Derby and his eldest son the lord Strange heading the list of contributors; and one of Sheale's compositions preserved in this volume is an account of the robbery, and of his circumstances, and an appeal to his friends for assistance.

The small number of Sheale's pieces which are preserved possess very little merit as poetical compositions. He certainly claimed the authorship of the ballad of Chevy Chace, and no evidence has yet been brought forward to invalidate his claim.

HENRY SPONER, or Sponar (*i.e.* Spooner), is the author of thirteen pieces in the present volume, Nos. III., XXIV., XXV., XXVI., XXVII., XXVIII., XXIX., XXX., XXXI., XXXII., XXXIII., XXXIV., XXXV., but nothing further is known of him. His poems have mostly a religious or moral aim, or are directed against the corruptions and vices of the time, with one exception, No. XXIX., which is of a more jocular character. In one, No. III., he attacks an opinion which somebody had held, that it was not proper to teach music to young maidens.

THOMAS WATERTOUNE is the author of one poem in this volume, No. IV., a complaint of the oppression and injustice which then prevailed throughout the land.

HENRY LORD MORLEY. The name of this nobleman is attached

to two short pieces in this volume, Nos. VI. and VII., both distinguished rather by the beauty of the sentiment than by that of the verse. He was Henry Parker baron Morley, who died towards the end of the year 1555. Walpole, in his "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," speaks of him as a voluminous writer, but he is only known as a poet by our Ashmolean MS.

LORD VAUX. One piece, No. XII., appears under the name of this nobleman, who was Thomas lord Vaux, known by his poems inserted in the "Paradyse of Daynty Devises," and sometimes spoken of as lord Vaux the elder, because his son also was a poet.

JOHN WALLYS, or WALLES, is, after Henry Sponer, the poet who has contributed most largely to this collection, for we have no less than eleven poems bearing his name, Nos. XXXVI., XXXVII., XXXVIII., XXXIX., XL., XLI., XLII., XLIII., XLIV., XLV., LIV.; yet he is not otherwise known to us. Some of Wallys's pieces are of a moral character, like those of Sponer, but others are not very lenient satires upon the female sex; and he shows an evident inclination for rather broadly facetious subjects, several of which will be found in the present volume.

OLIVER CURRANT, JOHN FIELDING. These two names are affixed to an amatory poem in the present collection, No. LIX., which we must, therefore, suppose to have been their joint production; but both names are unknown.

WILLIAM ELDERTON is the author of a curious ballad in this collection, entitled "Lenton Stuff," No. LX. He was of course the celebrated ballad-writer of the reign of Elizabeth, and this must have been one of his earliest productions. It is only known from its existence in this manuscript. Elderton's earliest printed ballads appeared about the year 1562.

JOHN MANTON. This name is attached to a short amatory

poem in the present volume, No. LXII., but in a handwriting later than that of the poem.

WILLIAM CASE was the author of a satirical poem on women, No. LXVII.

T. S. P. Four poems, moral and amatory, Nos. XX., XXI., XXII., XXIII., have these initials affixed to them, but I have not been able to discover the name of the author they represent.

G. F. These initials are affixed to a short metrical composition, No. IX., of which there is, on the same page of the manuscript, a second copy by a later hand. This later copyist has substituted the name of Christopher Curtis for the initials G. F., but it is impossible to say whether this change were made capriciously, or whether there were any authority for it.

Of these thirteen names, two only were previously known as those of English poets, lord Vaux and William Elderton. The great value of this collection, however, arises from the circumstance that it was not a mere selection made at the caprice of an individual, but that the collector no doubt entered in it the pieces of poetry of this class which enjoyed the greatest popularity, or, in other words, which he was most frequently called upon by his audience to repeat; thereby furnishing us with a tolerably accurate measure of the poetical taste of that period. It thus literally supplies a lost chapter of the history of English poetry. The prevailing taste of the day appears to have been for religious and moral poetry, which forms more than one-half of the whole manuscript; and, curiously enough, when we consider the time at which it was written, it contains no traces of any prejudice in favour of Romanism. On the contrary, one of the earlier poems in it is a satire upon the observance of Lent, and in the latter part of the manuscript there are one or two rather violent attacks on the

Church. There are also a certain number of poems on the evils and corruptions of society at the period when they were written, some of these being very curious ; and, as usual, there are numerous cruel satires on the female character, which in general, no doubt in consequence of defective education, stood very low in the middle ages and in those which immediately followed. There is also a certain amount of amatory poetry, and some songs and ballads of a jocular character, but it may be remarked that our manuscript contains fewer pieces in which the bounds of delicacy are overstepped than are usually found in similar collections, and the small proportion of allusions of that kind is concealed under enigmatical language.

It has already been hinted that this collection of poems was not all made at one time, but that the manuscript was written during several years. The first pieces may have been copied into it at the beginning of queen Mary's reign, but the greater part of it, that is as least all the articles from the nineteenth to the fifty-sixth, belongs without doubt to the period between Mary's marriage with Philip of Spain and her death. Sheale himself appears to have continued his manuscript into the first years of the reign of Elizabeth, and other persons into whose hands it passed added a few compositions of a rather later date. Thus we may perhaps look upon it as showing us the variations in the public taste for poetry during the years over which it extended.

T. W.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

I.

Tempore quo fodiebam.

AMYDDES my myrth and pleasantnes

Suche chaunce is chaunced sodenly,

That in dyspayer to have redresse

I fynde my chefest remedy;

No neue kynde of unhappynes

Wolde thus have left me comffortles;

So often warnd.

In better cace was newer none, ^{trapt}

And yet unwares thus am I wrapt;

My chefe desyer dothe cause my mone,

And to my woo and payne my welth is hapt;

Ther is no man but I alone ^{grone}

That hath such cause [to] syghe and mone,

So often warnd.

He is in welth that feleth no woe;

But I maye synge and thus reporte,

Farewell my joye and plesure to,

Thus maye I sing without thought comfote;

For sorrowe hath caught me in her sner;

Alas! why colde I not be ware,

So often warnd?

Who wolde have thought that my request
 Should bryng me forthe suche bytter fruite?
 For noue is hapt that I fearedde least,
 And all is com bye myne owne suyte.
 For when I thought me hap[i]este,
 Then forthwyth came all myne unreste;
 So often warnd.

Thus am I taught for to be ware,
 And trust no more suche pleasante chaunche;
 For happye happe hathe don this care,
 And tourned my welthe to great grevance.
 Ther is no man that happe will here,
 But weane she lyst welth is bare,
 So often warnd.

To my myshapp, alas! I fynde
 That happy happ is dangerus,
 And fortune worketh but her kynde,
 To make the joyfull dolorus;
 But all to lat yt comes in mynde
 To wayle the wante whyght make me blynd;
 So often warnd.

II.

AFTER man had broken the precepts of the Lord,
 Forthewith he was banyshed clerly Godes syght;
 Yet God made hyme promys, as scripiture dothe reccord,
 That a mayd shold bere a soñne whose name Chryst shold hyght;
 Which agayne shold restore hyme to Godes favowr ryght,
 And bryng hym to the state wher as he was fyrst grefft.
 God therfore, to fullfyll the promys he had plyght,
 Sent downe hys only sone to be ower new yers gyfft.

O why shold we be penssyff, sorowfull, or sad?
 Or for to dyscomfort what thyng shold us compell?
 We have a cawse rather to rejoyes and be glad,
 The benyfyts of God yf we conseder well;
 For of balefull branches and fyere brandes of hell
 To be members of mersye he hathe us up lyfft,
 By the means of hys sonne, callyd Emanuell,
 Whom he sent among us for a new yeres gyfft.

What great lovyng kyndnes dyd God show in thys cace?
 We beyng slaves to Sathan, and thrall captyves vyle,
 Abgett from hys presence, hys favower, and hys grace,
 That yt so pleased hym to relet owr excyle;
 Whereyn we remaynyd a long season and while,
 From which to come agayne we knewe no kynd of shyfft,
 Had not hys only sonne come us to reconsyle,
 Whom he sent among us for a newe yeres gyfft.

Of all the great benyfyts that God with hyme sent
 Ther ys no tung able to make demonstracyon;
 For he brought with hyme peace, by the which stryffe dyd stent,
 The key of delyvery frome deathe and dampnacyon,
 The dore and the entry to hellthe and salvacyon,
 The rawnsom for ower synns, wherby we ware relyfft,
 And of Godes wrathfull chere the full mytygacyon,
 All thys we resevyd by Chryst owr newe yeres gyfft.

He brought deathe with hyme suer deathe to devowr and kyll,
 Owr ryghtyusnes and eternall resurectyon,
 All veryté and truthe, with the decay of yll,
 The lantarne to lead us in the pathe of perfecttyon,
 The redemptyon and ryght to owr fyrst electtyon,
 With the food of owr soulls and everlastyng thryfft,
 And agaynst Sathans chalenge allso owr protecttyon;
 He may therfor be callyd a noble newe yers gyfft.

By hyme we do reseyve all good and no badnes;
 By hyme the inherytors of joye we ware made;
 He ys owr swete savyor and slaker of sadnes;
 The barer of ower synns, wherwithall we ware lade;
 He ys owr gracyus gyde, which dothe us styll perswade
 To walke the wurthy wayes, and frame them not to wyfft,
 By the flowr of vertewe that cawsyd vyce to fade;
 He ys therfore, I knowe, a noble newe yeres gyfft.

With Chryst came remyssyon and pardon of ower synns;
 With hyme came all mercy and God the fathers love;
 With hyme came grace, the rote that all goodnes begyns;
 With hyme came all fredom, as the scripture dothe prove;
 With hyme came the lyght all darknes to remove;
 With hyme came the arowe of repentans full swyfft;
 With hyme came all holynes unto owr behove;
 He ys therfore, I trowe, a noble newe yeres gyfft.

Chryst ys the lovyng fowntayne and pure chrystall well,
 Of whose stremes they that dryncke of death shall taste never.
 He ys owr phycyssyon, which dothe clerly expell
 All sycknes from owr soulls, and helpe them for ever.
 The corne from the chaffe with hys fan he shall sever,
 And eke the fyne flowr from the bran nerly syfft;
 To save the good allway he shall do hys indever;
 For the which God sent hyme for a newe yeres gyfte.

In Chryst all fullness of power and myght dothe dwell;
 In hyme voyd was nothyng that was nydfull and fytt;
 In hyme was and ys the sprete of lovyng counsell;
 In hyme ys our atonment and peace with God knyht;
 In hyme ys owr wysdom and strengthe that shall not flytt;
 In hyme we are justyfyed from owr deadly dryfft;
 In hyme ower preservacyon dothe rest every whytt;
 He ys therfore, I say, a plentyus newe yeres gyfft.

Ower lyffe was hys deathe, hys deathe ower lyffe eternall;
 Hys ryghtyusnes ys owr, owr inequyté ys hys;
 By hys obedyence he brake the gates infernall,
 Wheryn ower primat parent had closyd us, I wys.
 He ys owr medyator nowe in trone of blys,
 The seate of grace and mercy, that nothyng shold beryfft;
 Mankynd of Godes savowr of what a cause ys thys,
 For us to be thanckefull for Chryst ower newe yeres gyfft.

Nothyng shall let us nowe to rejoyes and be fayne,
 Seyng all dolare, all sorowe, and all care,
 All greffe, all angguyshe, all trubble, and all payne,
 And fynally all thyngs agaynst ower wellfare,
 Are clerly expellyd, that they shall us not dare.
 Ower harts to the father therfore hye let us lyfft,
 That we thus redemyd through Chryst hys sone are,
 Whome he sent among us for a newe yers gyfft.

For as myche as thys ys the tyme of newe yere,
 Callyd the feast of Chrysts syrcomsysyon indede,
 Therefore I have declaryd thys song to yow here,
 Your memory unto those benyfyts to lede,
 Whyche we have reseyyvd by Chryst, as we rede;
 Consederyng wherof we can not be to swyfft,
 To render thanckes to God for ower undeservyd mede,
 And allway to remember ower gracyus newe yeres gyfft.

Amen.

III.

I wyll not paynt to purchace prayes,
 Nor ope my lypps in leasynges vayne,
 But temper styll my tung allwayes
 The truthe to talke and sothe to sayne,
 As concyence shall my wyttnes be;
 For flattryng frawde be farre fro me.

Attend and harke, all yow, I saye,
 To whom the Lord hathe chyldren sent,
 And loke yow marke my wordes allway,
 With full accord and wholl intent;
 Prynt thys for ay in mynd and thought,
 Unborne ys better than untought.

In youthe fyrst them instruct and teche,
 God and theme selles that they may knowe,
 And that thys ruelle they may ons reche,
 There dewtyes in all poynts to showe;
 To thys parents are justly bownd,
 As in Godes boke ys to be fownd.

And for to teche theme to obtayne
 Connyng in thyngs comly and mete,
 As ther degré requyrythe playne,
 Reason to ruelle ys most dyscrete;
 The hy and lowe, ryche, pore, and all,
 Industryes mete to theme dothe fall.

Good maners unto all degrese
 Ys mete for to be vulgar playne;
 But wurthy feats and qualytese
 Dothe cheffly unto those pertayne
 That be of wytt and wysdom pure,
 And of good stock prosedyd sure.

Allbeyt what a thyng yt ys
 Wythe vertewes garnyshed to be;
 Yet among all of one I wys
 I wyll speake wordes nowe two or thre,
 Whyche ys of musyck verament,
 Beyng a vertewe excellent.

The cause why nowe I do intreat
Of musyck cheffly, I yow tell,
Ys that some hold opynyons great
That maydes therwith ought not to mell;
Wherin ther jugment I tell yow
To be but vayne I can alowe.

For yf musyck a vertewe be,
As I am abell well to try,
There ys no way wherby to se
Wemen therof for to deny;
For vertewe no man can deface,
But all creatures may yt imbrace.

The wyes man dothe prohybyt playne
The hynderans of musyck ryght;
Ye, musycke muche dothe chere the brayne,
With hart and sprete bothe day and nyght,
And dothe expell all thoughts unclene,
Example playne for to be sene.

Davyd by musyck dyd expell
The unclene sprete owt of kyng Saull;
As by the fyrst of Kyngs full well
The matter easly prove I shall.
The good daughters of Israell
Dyd use the lute and the tymbrell.

Musyck prolongs mans yeres on yerth;
Musyck therfor who wold neglect?
Musyck increacythe joy and myrthe;
Musyck much dolore dothe rejectt;
Where or in whom yt be I wys
Musyck a goodly vertewe ys.

Musyck in spretuall imes and psalms,
 Musyck in vyalls, regalls, or luttres,
 Musyck in pleasant harpes and shalms,
 The holy psalmyst playnly imputes,
 Shold serve no dowt at all asayes
 Godes name to magnify and prayes.

Syns musyck dothe so myche excell,
 And ys a thyng that God dothe love,
 Yn maydes and wemen than to dwell
 No wyght ys able to dysprove,
 With other vertewes requyssytt,
 Among whom sylence ys most fytt.

The sylence which of maydes I mene,
 Ys of ther tungs and wordes in dede,
 Whyche whan that they in place be sene,
 Fewe wordes or none from them prosede;
 Which thyng all men wyll muche commend,
 Whose reasons wyt can comprehend.

God grawnt bothe wyffe and mayd ther grace,
 That they may gyve ther wholl intent
 All godly vertewes to imbrace,
 Whyche leadythe to lyffe permanent;
 Wherto God grawnt us all to come,
 Ever to raygne in hys kyngdom.

Amen, quoth Sponner.

IV.

Cleane witheowt feare truthe dothe me constrene
 To synge the truthe, why shulde I refrayne?
 Thoughe I for truthe saynge be hade in disdayne,
 And oft tymys shente,
 Yet wyll I note dowte, but tell the truthe playne,
 And thoughe I say but lyttell, let all men repent.

Let all men repent, for all hathe offendyd;
 Let all men repent, for all may be amendyd;
 Let all men repent that hathe not pretendyd
 To gyve tru jugmente,
 But hathe made wronge ryght, and from the truth desendyd;
 And thoughe I say but lyttell, let all men repent.

I cold declare muche howe lawe hathe byn abusyde;
 I colde declare muche howe justis ys refusyde;
 I cold declare muche how concience ys yet usyde,
 Unto the poor innocent,
 Be summe men off lawe, bute no man accusyde,
 And thoughe I say but lyttell, etc.

Promotars off the lawe wyll brage, bost, and ly,
 To set laweyars on worke suche wyll them selves aply,
 To have that the ought not, yf truthe myght it try;
 But she ys absente.
 Thus be fals accusacione all goythe awrye,
 And thoughe I say but lyttell, etc.

I colde declare moche what sum lawears use amonge,
 Of kepyng mattars in the lawe a to or thre years long;
 And yete at the laste ryght shall have wrong,

And all his good spente.

Thus the weake ar overcum by thoys that ar stronge;
 And thoughe I say but lyttell, etc.

Moch more off lawyers I myght well declare;
 But many men knowe to moche what sum of them ar;
 Beholde throughe lawyng howe som be brought bar;

It ys evidente

How all ther wholl howsholdes lyve in povarté and car;
 And thoughe I say but lyttell, etc.

Sum that be lordes off vyllages and townnes
 Hathe covetyd to have away othar mens grondes;
 Also in every mans years daylye yt sondes,

Howe the heighten ther rent;

Besydes all othar things, wherin sum pas ther boundes;
 And thoughe I say but littell, etc.

Be incommys and fynes many tenantes decaye;
 Sum begge, sum steale, and sum ron away;
 And this caus sum landlordes sum teanantes saye,

When the lacke ther rent

All thing shal be stranyde, yf the poor man break day;
 And thoughe I say but littell, etc.

Hosbande men be brought so nakyde and poor,
 That sum are not able to put a shepe owt ath dore,
 To grayce uppone the commins, the lordes cloye them so sore,

Yt ys verament,

For who but suche landlordes all pastors in store;
 And thoughe I say but lyttell, etc.

Sum takys in commens, thus all men may se;
 And som brynges in bondage that ever has ben fre;
 So that all ys the lordes; howe dothe this agre

Withe Godes testament,

Whiche doth nat apoynte such ordar for to be?
 And thoughe I say but lyttell, etc.

Wo be to them, saythe scripture, that falsly tak in hand
 To joyn hows to hows, or land unto lande,
 Pastor to pastore, or that maikithe fre bande,

Or thearunto consent;

All thoys that have years this undarstande;
 And thoughe I say but lyttell, etc.

Behold howe the poor dothe cry, morn, and wepe,
 Both man, wiff, and chylde, that for hongger cannot slepe,
 The ar so oppresyde and brought in danger depe

By men moste pestilente,

I mean suche extorcينors that all upe dothe swepe;
 And thoughe I say but lyttell, etc.

Wo agayn be to them that makythe wrong ryght;
 Thus Esaye the prophet pleanty dothe resyght;
 No man exseptyd, be the lord or knyght,

Of God omnypotent,

When we shall apear befowar him in syght;
 And thoughe I say but lyttell, etc.

God grant that the ryche may have mor compassioun
 Uppone the poware commens, thatt be brought in dissolacioun
 Be extort poware, whiche ys no godly facioun

Suche ways to invente;

For this and all othar wicked imaginacioun,
 Gode grante us all grace in hart to repent.

Finis, quoth Thomas Watertoune.

V.

[W]O worthe the, Lenttone, that ever thowe wast wrought,
 For moche soar hongger with the thowe has broughte;
 Ther ys no welthe in the wonnes but sorrowe unsought,
 And dear cheape of vittels withe the thowe hast brought
 To the towne;

 Nethar sylvar nar golde
 Thowe hast brought, as hite ys tolde,
 But sorowe and colde,
 And many blastis browne.

Thowe commyst every year ons withe sorowe and withe sadnes,
 Or thowe be sent after, withe bayle and withe badnes;
 Then jentill Cristimas, with his myrry madnes,
 Thowe doyste hime exsyle, whiche ys grounde off gladnes,
 I tell;

 Fybull ys thy far ;
 Thy pastors be all bare;
 I wolde God that thowe ware
 Drownyde in a well.

For thowe brynges to the merkyte but lyttell good els
 But clatterynge off cockyls and off muskyll shellys;
 Hearynge and stocke fishe, and dry mackrells;
 Full lean be the pottage whene the pote wellis,

 For to truste;
 Thy clocke ys clute withe jaggis;
 On thy necke hynge thy baggis;
 Feble thy wallyt waggis,
 Withe hongger and with thruste.

Thus he workys us moche wo the space off seven wickys,
 Withe miche soar hongger our bodis that he meikys ;
 The stuffe of his howsolde ys onyans and lykys;
 Thearfowar a sorowe lyght on his lean chikis,

And a mischance.
 For thos that be leale,
 He makys them to weale,
 For faute off a meale
 And good sustinance.

Thus he has us cacchide with his lean crooke;
 He makys many beggars be banke and be brooke;
 Feble is his far, and leanare ys his looke;
 He ys but a brybare, be the feth that I tooke

At a founte stonne.
 Many mane on him wondare,
 And shortly brynge him undare;
 I wolde God in sondare
 I myght wrythe his necke bonne.

Poor men he pyllys withe his fals jobbys;
 It ys ruth to rehers howe he revis and he robbis;
 He settes at a penny a pecke of herynge kobbis;
 What for longer and colde men sorous and sobbis;

And thus
 In his thraldome we stande,
 Faste bowndene in his bande;
 Wear he slembde owt ath lande,
 Then well wear us.

Poware men in the contré soar uppone him pleans,
 Moche sawte off thear food from them he reteans;
 The ar glade when the may fyll up thear ballys with bennys,
 With, owte uppone him, horsone, for aye and for yeans;

And, alas!
 That he cum off suche birthe,
 To exsyle Cristimas with his myrthe;
 He has degarde him off his girthe,
 And put him owte offe place.

The dyngon at Bostone with hammars and with mels
 Uppone rottene stocke fishe as thiike as hande-bels;
 The skayt withe here grene tayle, that full off maggottes welles,
 That nyne myll and mor the merkyte on hite smeles;

To suppos

That and a man wear blynde,
 And helde him in the wynde,
 The heghe way myght he fynde,
 Yf he folowyde on his nos.

Muskyls ly gapyng agenste the newe mone;
 Fayne wolde the fisshars sell, but byars wyll not cum;
 The code and the lyng lyes burnyng agenste the sune,
 The favour so sweat as a pear off newe showene;

Withe fy!

Much doth fisshare lyes,
 For magotes and Sturbighe flies,
 Moch thickare then honny beys,
 Abowte his pannyar flys.

Red hearynge thear be, but the be muck rotten;
 Fy! fy! for a penny yete be the shotten,
 The savare full stronge, and the mayke a fowl skotten,
 Hit ys but a dear good that ys uppone them gotten,

And a bare;

Be my truth, as I trawe,
 Thear shall no crape in my crowe,
 Nat and I may hit knawe
 From a gray mare.

The code and the codlyng lyes burnyng agenst the sonne;
 Ye so dothe the kylyng, as great as a tonne;
 Also the congars, as dry as a bonne;
 The be a monith off age, be the cors of the mone,

At the leaste;
 Withe sorrowe he wrynges us,
 With hongger he dynges us,
 It ys but brybery he brynges us,
 Be him that ros in the easte.

Doys nat he for envy put all awaye,
 Both egges and collopes and allaluya,
 Fryttars and frummeté he closis in clay,
 And off all the day ith the wicke he makys Fryday,
 No dowte.

Thear ys no mor to tell,
 But, be Sent Mychaell,
 Yst rynge his bell
 All Ynglonde abowte.

Far well, allelua, with thy lybarté,
 The jentillyste song that ys or may be;
 He that hath the exslyde owte off the contré,
 A doggis dethe myght he dy, I pray the Trynité,

Sartayn,
 He was comfort of care,
 And weale off wellfare,
 I pray to Jhesu that Mary bare,
 Send us him agayn.

Lentton has brought us, as I undarstande,
 Laus tibe Domine, tyed in a band;
 He ys cum to the cost in the wanniande,
 And sir Te Deum ys put out off the lande;

No nay;
 Now thear ys no mor to mayke,
 But the devill his necke crayke,
 That has mayd all the brayke,
 With alleluiay.

Nowe our leave may we tayke at all wellfare,
 At venisone, at wylde fowle, and at the wyld bare;
 Puddynge, and paunchis, and all suche ware,
 Now must we forbear, the mor ys our care.

Nowe, alas!
 Far well all at ons,
 Ye sweat marybonys;
 I se non othar means,
 But away must ye pas.

Far well, jentill wat, with thy longe ears;
 Also pigs and porke, with all your sweate smears;
 Far well the fat goys, with soar wepyng tears,
 Be gold brybré Lentone howe he uppone us blears!

No wondare
 Thus can he chasti
 Men that be hasté,
 Ye, feth, yet trust I
 To se hime ons under.

Far well, fat motton, fat bacon, fat byffe!
 Far well the fat swane, that in sarvis ys cheffe;
 Far well the fat capone, to me ys so leffe;
 No lenggare may youe tarry, but hastely tayke your leyffe,

At a worde.
 Far well the bustarde,
 The brawne, and the mustarde,
 Also the short custord,
 Met for a lorde.

Far well the calvis foot, and also the trype;
 Far well the feldyfare, the spynke, and the sknype;
 Far well the woodcoke, and also the wype;
 All I have up reconyde, full small may I pype

In a cornete.
 Far well in fay
 For seven wickys day;
 No mor may I say,
 And the dyvell had sworn hite.

The fesante and the wylde fowll stande in lyttell stede,
 When Lent cummys to the towene as hongré as a glede;
 He wyll mayk many to pyll a garlyke hede,
 Syt downe and eat hit with a pece off brownie brede,
 Such sorrow!

Oft tymys in the wycke
 Thar dynnars be to seeke,
 Thell be glade off a lyke
 At mydday and at morrowe.

Hawkars and hontars, and all that howndes leades,
 The may go seeke them sarvis in dyvars stedes;
 The mynstreles the may go pype with the gleades;
 Ye, so may the buchars tayke him to his bedys,

I plege,
 The truthe shall I say them,
 And nothyng denay them,
 In feth the may go play them,
 On pylgremage.

The kocke in the kychyne may hing up his roste;
 The pultare and the partrege may make them a tost;
 Thus this brybery Lenton makys a great bost,
 That the shall sell no fowlys whyllys he ys in cost,

No stor;
 The may tayke upe ther stayles,
 Thear nettys for thear quels,
 Set them downe, and pyke thear neals,
 This monith and more.

Yt ys good for the shepard locke well to his fold,
 Tayke tent to his taylor, and hede what he tolde;
 For then the bochars doggis begynne to waxe bolde,
 The rost ys not allway redy, but sum tymys colde,

Under locke;

The have no puddynges nor crages,
 Panchis nor baggys,

And the be a sort of sturdy staggis,
 Yf the cum to a flocke.

For yf the fyl the swete fleshe off the yonge lammes,
 It wyll mayke them plucke the cottis off the olde dammys;
 The mon abyde the reconyng, and the gett them byth hammys,
 Such bourdyng ys nought, nor yet such gammys;

Therefore

I say hongger ys a gloottone,

And dogges love motton,

The set not a button

To worry up a skoare.

He that holdes any suche howndes, ty them up with clogges;
 For the wyll pres for ther foode throughe brears and shrogges;
 But I beshrowe there hartes yf the worry wethar hogges,
 Be the kennites, or currys, or good banddogges;

So I the,

Yt wear almost as I hope,

Who so wolde the ryght grope,

Trus them upe in a rope

Tow owars or thre.

Ther ys grynnyng and gnasshing for nawyng of bonys;
 Tearynge off hoodis and cottis for the nonnys;
 Sum haltes, sum hedles, sum grynnyngs, sum gronnys;
 Sum stickys in the myar, sum lyes on the stonnys;

No grace;
 Be Mary, Godes mothar,
 I never se suche othar,
 Exsepte ichone wold worry othar,
 I never se the cace.

Thus this brybry Lenton with sorrowe he leades us ;
 Both man and beast with hongger he fedys us ;
 Set a wondar uppone him ilkeone, I rede us,
 For and he reane a whyll, he wyll hong us and hede us,
 And he may.

Thus he puttes to pennance ;
 And also to a fynance ;
 I pray God a mischance
 Lyghtten on him this day !

He kepis a nyvell hows, and that well ye ken ;
 For nygard ys next him off all othar men,
 Olyvere brybare ys stewarde over dere a salte hen ;
 A vengeance off suche a howsolde ! now say ye all, amen ;

And I say the sam.
 Abstinence ys his kocke,
 He puttes all in his bocke,
 The horson has a hongré loocke,
 The dyvell give him shame !

Now tayke us to our beadis, it wyll no bettare be,
 Let us set us to sadnes and leave vanité ;
 For now the tym ys cum we may not fle,
 But put us to penance for our folly,
 And gryffe.

I hade rathar then my gowen,
 The horsone wear ready bowen,
 To be rong owte ath towene,
 And fear to tayke his leve.

To the churche must we go to do our penance,
 Cry unto Crist with great repentance,
 Remembar our mysrull and our governance,
 And mecke us to his mercy that we have done grevance,
 And knowe,
 That Lentton thus dears us,
 And nothyng forbears us,
 With mastré he gars us
 To obay to his lawe.

He crys on our conscience, for nought wyll he let,
 Buxsomly and beaully he byddes us go bete;
 Looke up our rentall, his awditor ys sete,
 And mayke a trwe acounte to our curete,
 And wyll;
 No alowance may we lege,
 For and we be cast in the rerage,
 Yt wyll be the worst berrage
 That ever dranke we tyll.

Morover must we counte, we have not yet done;
 After we have mayd our confessione,
 We must reaken for our tythinges with our persone,
 And all that ever he gettes he thinkys it well donne,
 I dar swear;
 Tenthe penny wyll he crave,
 Mickyll mor will he have,
 Lyttell symmony his knave
 Syttis rownyng him yth eare.

Therfor I red youe, clowte your howes well ath knyves;
 Untoth cros muste youe crepe, ye may not ches;
 Leve your offryng ther, yt ys our persons feys,
 Muche car we cache who so knowes and seys,

Nat to seke.
 God gyve him yll chance!
 For he has done us grevance,
 And lede us an yll daunce
 All this syxe wecke.

He has ponisshede us first with hongger and with cold;
 Sen fleshe that was norrisshinge he hath forbyd us bold;
 With tenthe parte of our tilthe and our howsolde
 He has taken, ye me trust, and ecke a penny tolde,
 And cros;
 He has the poor opprest,
 Both be est and be west;
 He ys a shrowide geste,
 And to a poor mans losse.

Now ys pace even cum, and he ys reddé bowen
 For to tayke his leave, the devyll myght him drowen!
 On a skalde mare backe to ryd owt ath towne;
 Many a knave after him for to crake his crowne,
 With payn;
 With his lykys in his necke,
 Stynkyng fishe in a secke,
 I pray the dyvell breake his necke,
 That he cum no mor agayn.

Leve we this Lentton, and no mor on him talke,
 Sens that he ys gonn, on his weas lett him walke;
 Over the benttes browne still let him stalke;
 Let no man him lete be stret nar be blake,
 That swayne;
 He bare mickyll blame,
 And he was worthé the same;
 But our Lady a Walsynggame
 Let hime never cum agayne!

Nowe God, the which was on a crosse tormente,
 And for our mysdedys was shamfully shente,
 Save all the compayny which ys hear present,
 And bryng us to the joye whear he ys permanent,

I do pray;

As he mayd us he mend us,

And frome the fende defend us;

He save us, and he send us

To the blysse that lastith aye.

Finis.

VI.

Henry lorde Morley to his posteritye.

Never was I lesse alone then beyng alone,
 Here in this chamber evell thought had I none,
 But allways I thought to brynge the mynd to reste,
 And that thought off all thoughttes I juge it the beste;
 For yf my coffers hade ben full of perle and golde,
 And fortune had favorde me even as that I wolde,
 The mynd owt off quyate, so sage Senek sethe,
 Itt hade ben no felicitie, but a paynfull dethe.
 Leve them whoo love wyll to stande in highe degré;
 I blame him nott a whitte so that he followe me,
 And take his losse as quyatly as when that he doth wyne,
 Then fortune hathe no maistré of that stat he ys in,
 But rulyes and ys not rulyde and takis the better parte;
 O that man ys blessyde that lerns this gentle arte.
 This was my felicitie, my pastyme, and my game;
 I wisse all my posteritié the wolde ensew the same.

Si ita Deo placet, ita fiat.

Wrytten over a chambar dore wher he was wont to ly at Hollenbyrry.

VII.

Henry lord Morlay.

All men the do wysshe unto them selffe all goode,
 And he that wold wisshe otharwyse, I cont him wors than woode;
 And what that good shulde be, fewe can tell or non;
 And off that wantone sorte I knowe my selfe am oone,
 That often have desyryde that thyng hath done me harme,
 Tyll reasone rulyde fantasye, and my fonde wyte dyde charme,
 And teld me yf that good I dyde intende to have,
 Yt neathar was in dingnitie nor in muche gold to save,
 But to refus both twayne, to hold my selfe contente,
 Not with my fond desyars, but that which Gode hath lente,
 Wysdome and experience to knowe that all delyghte
 Doth pas as doth the day that passith to the nyghte;
 A soden wynd doth ryse, and when that Gode wyll call,
 Wher ys then the dygnitie? go tak your leve off all,
 The beggar and the lord in one state then the be.
 Thus reasone doth remember, and sayth, go lerne off me,
 Thowe woldeste have this and that, and in thy fond desyre
 The very stable good thow throwist it in the myar.
 I sayd unto my selffe, reasone the truthe doth tell,
 And to insewe that way I was contentyde well;
 And wisshe to wyn that good unfaynede with my harte,
 And wolde that all my frenddes off that wissh shuld have parte.

Si ita Deo placet, ita fiat

VIII.

The Persé owt off Northombarlonde and a vowe to God mayd he,
 That he wold hunte in the mowntayns off Chyviat within days iij.,
 In the magger of doughté Dogles and all that ever with him be ;
 The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat he sayd he wold kyll and carry them away.
 " Be my feth," sayd the dougheti Doglas agayn, " I wyll let that hontyng yf that

I may."

The[n] the Persé owt off Banborowe cam, with him a myghtee meany,
 With xv^c archardes bold off blood and bone, the wear chosen owt of shyars iij.
 This begane on a Monday at morn, in Cheviat the hillys so he ;
 The chylde may rue that ys unborn, it was the mor pitté.
 The dryvars throrowe the woodes went for to reas the dear ;
 Bomen byckarte uppone the bent with ther browd aros cleare ;
 Then the wyld thorowe the woodes went on every syde shear ;
 Greahondes thorowe the grevis glent. for to kyll thear dear.
 The begane in Chyviat the hyls above yerly on a Monnynday ;
 Be that it drewe to the oware off none, a hondrith fat hartes ded ther lay.
 The blwe a mot uppone the bent, the semblyde on sydis shear,
 To the querry then the Persé went to se the bryttlynge off the deare ;
 He sayd, " it was the Duglas promys this day to met me hear,
 But I wyste he wolde faylle verament ;" a great oth the Persé swear.
 At the laste a squyar off Northomberlonde lokyde at his hand full ny,
 He was war ath the doughetie Doglas commynge, with him a myghtté meany,
 Both with spear, brylly, and brande, yt was a myghti sight to se ;
 Hardyar men both off hart nar hande wear not in Christianté.
 The wear xx^c spear men good, withowte any feale ;
 The wear borne along be the watter a Twyde yth bowndes of Tividale.
 " Leave of the brytlyng of the dear," he sayd, " and to your boys lock ye tyke
 good hed ;
 For never sithe ye wear on your mothars borne had ye never so mickle ned."
 The dougheti Dogglas on a stede he rode all his men beforne ;
 His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede, a boldar barne was never born.

“ Tell me whos men ye ar?” he says, “ or whos men that ye be?
 Who gave you leave to hunte in this Chyviat chays in the spyt of myn and of me?”
 The first mane that ever him an answeare mayd yt was the good lord Persé,
 “ We wyll not tell the whoys men we ar,” he says, “ nor whos men that we be,
 But we wyll hounte hear in this chays in the spyt of thyne and of the;
 The fattiste hartes in all Chyviat we have kyld and cast to carry them away.”
 “ Be my troth,” sayd the dougheté Dogglas agayn, “ therfor the ton of us shall de
 this day.”

Then sayd the dougheté Doglas unto the lord Persé,
 “ To kyll all thes giltles men, alas! it wear great pitté;
 But, Persé, thowe art a lord of lande, I am a yerle callyd within my contré,
 Let all our men uppone a parti stande, and do the battell off the and of me.”
 “ Nowe Cristes cors on his crowne!” sayd the lorde Persé, “ whosoever therto says
 nay,

Be my troth, dougheté Doglas,” he says, “ thow shalt never se that day,
 Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nor France, nor for no man of a woman born,
 But and fortune be my chance, I dar met him on man for on.”
 Then bespayke a squyar off Northombarlonde, Richard Wytharryngton was his
 nam,
 “ It shall never be told in sothe Ynglonde,” he says, “ to kyng Herry the iiij. for
 sham;

I wat youe byn great lordes twaw, I am a poor squyar of lande,
 I wyll never se my captayne fyght on a fylde, and stande my selffe and loocke on;
 But whyll I may my weppone welde, I wyll not fayle both hart and hande.”
 That day, that day, that dredfull day, the first fit here I fynde;
 And youe wyll here any mor athe hounytyng athe Chyviat, yet ys ther mor be-
 hynd.

The Yngglyshe men hade ther bowys yebent, ther hartes wer good yenoughe,
 The first off arros that the shote off seven skore spear-men the sloughe;
 Yet byddys the yerle Doglas uppone the bent, a captayne good yenoughe,
 And that was sene verament, for he wrought hom both woo and wouche.
 The Dogglas partyd his ost in iiij. lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde,
 With suar spears off myghtté tre the cum in on every syde,

Thrughe our Yngglyshe archery gave many a wounde full wyde,
 Many a doughteté the garde to dy, which ganyde them no pryde.
 The Ynglyshe men let thear boys be, and pulde owt brandes that wer brighte;
 It was a hevvy syght to se, bryght swordes on basnites lyghte.
 Throrrowe ryche male and myneyeple many sterne the strocke done streght;
 Many a freyke that was full fre ther undar foot dyd lyght.
 At last the Duglas and the Persé met lyk to captayns of myght and of mayne;
 The swapte togethar tyll the both swat, with swordes that wear of fyn Myllan.
 Thes worthé freckys for to fyght, therto the wear full fayne,
 Tyll the bloode owte off thear basnetes sprente as ever dyd heal or ran.
 "Yelde the, Persé," sayde the Doglas, "and i feth I shall the brynge
 Wher thowe shalte have a yerls wagis of Jamy our Scottish kyng.
 Thoue shalte have thy ransom fre, I hight the hear this thinge;
 For the manfullyste man yet art thowe that ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng."
 "Nay," sayd the lorde Persé, "I tolde it the beforne,
 That I wolde never yeldyde be to no man of a woman born."
 With that ther cam an arrowe hastely forthe off a myghtté wane,
 Hit hathe strekene the yerle Duglas in at the brest bane;
 Thoroue lyvar and longes bathe the sharpe arrowe ys gane,
 That never after in all his lyffe days he spayke mo wordes but ane,
 That was, "fyghte ye, my myrry men, whyllys ye may, for my lyff days ben gan."
 The Persé leanyde on his brande, and sawe the Duglas de;
 He tooke the dede mane be the hande, and sayd, "wo ys me for the
 To have savyde thy lyffe, I wolde have partyde with my landes for years iij;
 For a better man of hart nare of hande was not in all the north contré.
 Off all that se a Skottishe knyght, was callyd sir Hewe the Monggombyrry,
 He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght, he spendyd a spear a trusti tre,
 He rod uppon a corsiare throughe a hondrith archery,
 He never stynttyde nar never blane tyll he cam to the good lord Persé.
 He set uppone the lorde Persé a dynte that was full soare,
 With a suar spear of a myghtté tre clean thorow the body he the Persé ber,
 Athe tothar syde that a man myght se a large cloth yard and mare.
 Towe bettar captayns wear nat in cristianté then that day slain wear ther.

An archar off Northomberlonde say sleane was the lord Persé,
 He bar a bende bowe in his hand was made off trusti tre,
 An arow that a cloth yarde was lang toth harde stele haylde he,
 A dynt that was both sad and soar he sat on sir Hewe the Monggomberry,
 The dynt yt was both sad and sar that he of Monggomberry sete,
 The swane fethars that his arrowe bar with his hart blood the wear wete.
 Ther was never a freake wone foot wolde fle, but still in stour dyd stand,
 Heawyng on yche othar whyll the myghte dre, with many a balfull brande.
 This battell begane in Chyviat an owar before the none,
 And when even-song bell was rang the battell was nat half done.
 The tocke on ethar hande be the lyght off the mone;
 Many hade no strenght for to stande in Chyviat the hillys abon.
 Of xv^c archars of Ynglonde went away but fifti and thre;
 Of xx^c spear men off Skotlonde but even five and fifti,
 But all wear slayne Cheviat within, the hade no strenge to stand on hy;
 The chyld may rue that ys unborne, it was the more pitté.
 Thear was slayne, withe the lord Persé, sir Johan of Agerstone;
 Sir Rogar the hinde Hartly, sir Wyllyam the bolde Bearone;
 Sir Jorg the worthé Lovele, a knyght of great renowen;
 Sir Raff the ryche Rugbé, with dyntes wear beaten dowene;
 For Wetharryngton my harte was wo, that ever he slayne shulde be;
 For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to, yet he knyled and fought on his kny.
 Ther was slayne, with the dougheti Douglas, sir Hewe the Monggomberry;
 Sir Davy Lwdale, that worthé was, his sistars son was he;
 Sir Charls a Murré in that place, that never a foot wolde fle;
 Sir Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was, with the Doglas dyd he dey.
 So on the morrowe the mayde them byears off birch and hasell so gay;
 Many wedous with wepyng tears cam to fach ther makys away;
 Tivydale may carpe off care, Northombarlond may mayk great mon,
 For towe such captayns as slayne wear thear on the march parti shall never be non.
 Word ys comen to Eddenburrówe to Jamy the Skottishe kynge,
 That dougheti Douglas, lyfftenant of the marches, he lay sleane Chyviat within;
 His handdes dyd he weal and wryng, he sayd, "alas! and woe ys me!
 Such anothar captayn Skotland within," he sayd, "yefeth shuld never be."

Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone, till the iiij. Harry our kynge,
 That lord Persé, cheyff tenante of the marches, he lay slayne Chyviat within ;
 " God have merci on his soll !" sayd kyng Harry, " good lord, yf thy will it be,
 I have a C. captayns in Ynglonde," he sayd, " as good as ever was he ;
 But, Persé, and I brook my lyffe, thy deth well quyte shall be."
 As our noble kynge mayde his avowe, lyke a noble prince of renowen,
 For the deth of the lord Perse he dyde the battell of Hombyll-down,
 Wher syx and thritté Skottishe knyghtes on a day wear beaten down,
 Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght over castill, towar, and town.
 This was the hontynge off the Cheviat, that tear begane this spurn ;
 Old men that knowen the grownde well yenoughe, call it the battell of Otterburn.
 At Otterburn begane this spurne, uppone a Monnynday ;
 Ther was the doughté Doglas sleane, the Persé never went away ;
 Ther was never a tym on the marche partes sen the Doglas and the Persé met ;
 But yt ys mervele and the rede blude ronne not as the reane doys in the stret.
 Jhesus Crist our ballys bete, and to the blys us brynge !
 Thus was the hountynge of the Chivyat, God send us all good endyng !

Expliceth, quoth Rychard Sheale.

IX.

I hard lately to a ladye
 A lover say, which dyd featly,
 Grant and denye
 As doth inshue,
 " Maddam," quoth he, " remember me."
 " I will," quoth she.
 " Syth I love the, tak sum petey."
 " I nyll," quoth she.

"In that I cane, take me your man."

"I wyll," quoth she.

"Reward me then in my tyme when."

"I nyll," quoth she.

"By wyll and nyll, you answeare styll."

"And wyll," quoth she.

"Revoke that nyll, and grante good wyll."

"I nyll," quoth she.

Fynis, quoth G. F.

X.

Take hede in tyme, whylste youthe dothe reane,
Lest that in age thoue soore complayne;
Thys world yt ys so unsertayne;
Therfor take hede.

Fayr wordes ofte tymes, wysse men have towld,
Dothe make fowlse fayen be not to bowld;
All thyngs that shynythe ys not gold;
Therfor take hede.

Nature hathe wrowght soche propertye
In everye beast go yt or flye,
To provyed fore theme selves most suerlye;
Therfor take hede.

Ofte tymes the thyng that plesure hathe wroght,
When plesure ys past, ys sett at nowght;
Wysdom with myserye ys to dear bowght;
Therfor take hede.

For summe we se that makythe great mone,
In age whene they be lefte alone,
To latte they spare, when all ys goone;
Therfor take hede.

The pysmere workes in somer fast,
In wynter that she may have repast;
He can not save that styll dothe wast;
Therfor take hede.

The servynge man that takythe wage,
Lett hym not spende, but kepe for age;
For servys ys none erytage;
Therfor take hede.

Trust not all promys, yf thou be wysse;
For promys nowe adays ys of small prysse;
They turne as fast as chance of dyece;
Therfor take hede.

Take hede of change, tho yt seme swetter;
Howld whylst thoue art well, yt shal be metter;
For seldome comythe, mene saythe, the better;
Therfor take hede.

Thowghe thoue be delygent, and justly meane
To do thy dewtye never so fayne,
Yete ofte we se newe brome swepes cleane;
Therfor take hede.

Be not to hahté, nor yett to hye,
Thowghe fortune seme to favore the;
The forthyst in vavor sownnyst owt may be;
Therfor take hede.

Be not to busye in tellynge news,
Lest thyne own wordes do the accusse;
Yf thoue be espyed, men wyll the refews;
Therfor take hede.

Be not to lyberall of wordes, I say,
Lest summe do take theme contrarye way;
One may not speake that another may;
Therfor take hede.

And sume ther be in soche a casse,
Lest anye other showld obtayn grace,
To remowve theme cleane they wyll labor apace;
Of thos take hede.

And sume ther be that be so blynde,
They thynke there facyons no man dothe mynd;
Yf they conteneue, sume wyll theme fynd;
I say, take hede.

In tyme ys welthe, and in tyme ys wo;
Take tyme yne tyme, and lete all go,
Sythe yt ys hard thye frynd to know;
In tyme take hede.

For reformacyon I thys intendyd;
Yete summe perchance wyl be offendyd;
Therfor lyttell sayd ys sowne amended;
In tyme take hede.

Fynys.

XI.

After mydnyght, when dremes dothe fawll,
 Sume what before the mornynge gray,
 Me thowght a voyce thus dyd me cawll,
 "O lustye youthe, ayes, I say."

"O youthe," he sayd, "lyfte upe thy heade;
 Awake, awake, yt ys fayr daye;
 Howe canst thoue slepe, or kepe thy bede,
 Thys fayr mornynge? ayes, I say."

"The sonne ys upe with hys bryght beames,
 As thowghe he wold with the no fray,
 But beat the upe owt of thy dremes,
 And resse the upe; ayes, I saye."

"Harke how the byrdes all with on voyce,
 Wythe one concord ther cordes they lay,
 Wythe joyfull tewnes the to rejoyce,
 And styre the upe; ayes, I say."

"Behowld the felde nowe in lyke forme,
 Furnyshyd with flowrs bothe freshe and gaye;
 Yt saythe to the, thowe slothefull worme,
 Cume walke in me; ayes, I say."

"The day, the sonne, the byrd, the feld,
 Syns all thes cawll, thow lumpe of clay,
 Unlesse shamlesse now be thy sheld,
 For verye shame, ayes, I saye."

With thys me thowght the voyce reherst
 Thes wordes, and sayd, "youthe, I the pray,
 What means thys day and all the rest,
 That sayd to the, ayes, I say?"

Truly thys day nowe to dyschos
 Of Crystys faythe that longe hyd lay,
 And now fule cleare and fayr yt shos,
 To reasse the upe; ayes, I say.

What ys thys sonne that shynythe so bryght,
 The verye sone of Gode, no nay;
 Whos bemes of gracce be bent eavyn ryght,
 To reasse the upe; ayes, I say.

What be thes byrdes that thus accord,
 That ther swett cordes yche ear wold tay;
 Trulye true prechers of the lord,
 At whos wet cordes, ayes, I say.

And se thoue walke amonst thes flowers,
 Not for pastyme to feast and play,
 But reverentlye suppres thy powrs,
 Frome wanton pryd, ays, I say.

For better clarkes ther hathe byne non
 Then in thys feld theme selves dyd slay;
 Trustynge to moche theme selves uppon;
 Be ware ther fawll; ays, I say.

Now syns thoue knowst bothe wher to walke,
 And how to walke thou knowyst the way,
 Lett age lye styll as drye as chalke,
 And lustye youthe, ays, I say."

To thys me thowght dowtynge the truthe,
 And lest thys voycce showld me betray,
 He sayd, "a! voycce! whye more to youthe
 Then unto age; ayes, I say."

"That thyng," sayd he, "I shall declare,
Thys youthe and age now to beware;
The Jews and Gentylys suer they are,
Now gesse to whome; ayes, I say.

"The Jewe he ys so owld and worne,
That speake to hym in vayn I may;
But thoue, Gentylle, art newlye borne,
Wherfor to the, arys, I say.

"Syns Cryst the lord hathe chosyn the stoke,
And lett hys owne floke go estray,
Now shewe thy self a lovyng floke
Unto the lord; arys, I say."

Thys sayd, I hade no more to tell,
But walke, and seyng fayr clere day,
Sayd to my selfe thes wordes myght well
Be sayd to me, "aryes, I say."

Fynys.

XII.

I lothe what I dyd love,
In youthe that I thowght swet,
As tyme requyars for my behowve,
Me thynkes they are not mett.

My lustes they do me leave,
And fances all be fled,
And trake of tyme begyns to weave
Grey hears uppone my head.

For age wythe stelynge stepes
Hathe clawd me wythe hys crutche,
And lustye lyf away he leapes,
As ther had byne none soche.

My musse dothe not me delyett,
 As she hathe done befoor;
 My hand and pene ys not in plyght,
 As yt hathe byne of yoore.

For resone me denyes
 Thes youthelye idyll ryemes,
 And day by day to me she cryes,
 "Leave of thos trykes be tyemes."

The wrynkylls in my browe,
 The furros in my facce,
 Saythe lympyng age must lodge hyin now
 Wher youthe must gyve hyme placee.

The harbyngare of deathe
 Towardes me I se hyme ryede;
 The cowghe, the cowlde, the gaspyng brethe,
 Which bydes me to provyd

A pyke-axe and a spade,
 And yke a shrowdyng shette,
 A howsse of clay for to be mayd,
 Of soche a gest full mette.

Me thynkes I hear the clarke
 Which knowles the carfull bell,
 And bydes me leave my merye warke,
 Or nature me compelle.

My keperes knytes the knott,
 Which youthe dyd lawghe to skorne,
 Of hyme that shal be cleane forgott,
 As he had not byne borne.

Behowld the bare head scull,
 By whos bawld skyne I knowe,
 That lympyng age away shall pull
 That youthefulle years dyd sowe.

Thus must I youthe gyve upe,
 Whos badge I longe dyd weare;
 To theme I yeld the wantone cupe,
 That better may yt beare.

And youe that byedes begyne,
 Have youe none other trust,
 As youe of clay are mayd be kynd,
 So shall youe turne to dust.

Fynys, quod lord Vans.

XIII.

The lyf ys longe that lothesumlye dothe last,
 The dowllfull days drawythe slowly to ther datt,
 The present panges and paynfull plagis forpast,
 Yeldes gref eay grene to stablyshe thys estatt.
 So that I feell in thys greate storm and stryffe,
 The dethe ys swett that shortnythe soche a lyffe.

And by the stroke of thys strawnge overthrowe,
 At which conflycte in thraldume I was thrust,
 The Lord be praysyd I ame well tawght to knowe
 Frome whence man came and yke wherto he must;
 And by the way uppon howe feble forcece,
 Hys tearme dothe stand tyll dethe dothe end hys cowrse.

The plesand years that sown so swyftly rune,
 The mery days to end so fast they flytt,
 The joyfull nyghtes, of which day daws so sowne,
 The happye owrs which mo do mysse thene hytt,
 Dothe all consume as snow agaynst the sonne,
 And deathe makes end of all that lyf begune.

Syns dethe shall dewr tyll all the world be wast,
 What menythe man to drede dethe then so sore?
 As man myght make that lyf showld allways last,
 Withowt regard the Lord hathe led before
 The dancce of dethe which all must runne one rowe,
 But over whome onlye the Lord dothe knowe.

Yf man wold mynd what burthynges lyf dothe brynge,
 What grevows crymes to God yt commytt,
 What plagges, what pawnges, what perylls therby sprynge,
 With no suer our in all hys tyme to sytt,
 He wold suer thynke, as with gret caws I do,
 The day of dethe ys happyar of the towe.

Dethe ys a port wherby we passe to joy;
 Lyf ys a lake that drownythe all in payne;
 Dethe ys so swet, yt sesythe all anoye;
 Lyf ys so lued, yt yeldythe all in vayne;
 And as by lyf to bondage man was browght,
 Eavyne so by dethe was fredome wrowght.

Therfor, with Pawll, lett all men wyshe and pray
 To be dissolvdy of thys fowll fleshey masse;
 Or att the lest be armyd agaynst the day,
 That we may be fownd good sowdyars prest to passe
 From lyf to dethe, from dethe to lyf agayne,
 To soche a lyf as ever shall remeane.

Fynys.

XIV.

My frynd, the lyf I lead at all
 By thes fewe wordes perceave youe shall.
 The sloggyshe bede I do detest,
 Syth I therin can take no rest;
 And wythe the larke yche day I ryes,
 One feelde to fayre, soche ys my gyes,
 Wher I the lustye grene may vewe,
 And yke the yelow flowers newe,
 Which colors I do love and shall,
 For in myne yeys they passyne all.
 Thene to the mowntayne fast me by
 I take my way, as yt dothe ly;
 And upe my merrie lymes I gette,
 Thowghe ofte I puf, and sume tyme sweate;
 Yete stynte I note whylst I may stand
 One the hyghyste tope to vewe the land,
 Where I may se yche day wythe yeye
 The land, the sea, soche fowls as flye,
 The hughe forest, feryst of all,
 And everye beast that I name shall;
 The hart, the hynd, the buke, the do,
 The swyfte and yke amasyd ro;
 The nymbyll hear, that swyft can rune;
 The crake, nut sqyrell, lyttyll bonne;
 Ther may se howe the fawlce foxe
 The bawsone betythe frome the the roxe,
 Mawgre hys head, throwghe subtell slegt,
 Of hyme sowne can he wyne the streyt.
 Amonge the rest ther may I se
 The only placee that lykythe me;
 On whyche full longe myne yeys I stay,
 And to my self thes wordes I say:

Wythein thy wawlles, o placce of blesse,
My dearyst frynd inclosyd ys,
Wher as I wyshe me ofte to be,
So that no whyght myght know but she;
Transformyd in soche maner of wys
As she here self cowld best devys,
Of beast or byrde soche shape to take,
As fowlle or fyshe that swymes in lake;
A fylype sparowe to be fede
At here owne handes wythe cromes of bred;
A lyttyll whelpe one here to fawne,
So that my mynd to her wear knowne;
A faythfull flye in for to crepe
At crevys small whene she dothe slepe;
A chyrpynge mowsse in creast of wall,
Whene she lyst slepe my noys were small;
A levytte in here cage to synge,
Ne stynt wold I of warblynge;
The lyttyll robyne with the rede brest,
Or elles a blake flea in her nest.
In faythe ne cowlde I fynd in hart
Oute of here slepe here to estartt;
But in here presencce ever to be,
I aske of God none other fee;
And with myne yeys here to behowld,
I hade my wysh, nowght elles I wold;
To hear, my frynd, the holle estate
Of thys my lyf early and latt.

Fynys.

XV.

When I do cawll to mynd
What cuers we have in care,
Thys one chefe claws I fynd
Ryght nedfull to declare;
We knowe what Gode hathe syynd
To do or to forbear,
Yete wyllyngly we wynd
Frome safty unto snare.
Wherfor nowe in thys casse
My judghment dothe advancee,
That knowledge wytheowt gracee
Ys worcce thene yngnoraunce.

We know what thankes we owe
To Gode for all hys gyftes,
Yete contrarye we shoue
To hym our selves unthryftes.
The good frome yll we knowe,
Yet in owr daylye dryftes
The yll in us dothe growe,
The good frome us yt shyftes.
Then may we uis thys fracce
Most ryf in remembraunce,
That knowlege wytheowt gracee
Ys worcce then yngnoraunce.

Now knowe we scrypturs playne
Wher as befor we dyd not,
Yet are we nowe more vayne
Thene whene the same rede not.

We rune forth in the rayne,
 As God or man we dred not,
 Whyche sowne wyll plant our payne,
 Yf God the same forbyd not.
 When knowledge was mor scarcece
 We hade summe obaysancee,
 Ower knowledge withowtt gracce
 Ys worcce thene yngnорancee.

We knowe we awght to love,
 Allthowghe we be not lovyd;
 No wronge agayne to mowve,
 Tho wronge to us be mowvyd.
 We awght not to reprowve,
 Alltho we be reprowvyd,
 But folowe owr behowve,
 Thes godlye wordes aprowvyd.
 Yet wantynge gracce we chacee
 Away Godes ordynancee;
 Owr knowledge withowt gracce
 Ys worcce then yngnорance.

We know that we showld hatte
 Ower neghbore in no wysse,
 Yete hate hys chef estate
 That dothe amonge us rysse.
 Owr minor or owr matte
 We sertaynly dyspysse,
 Owr major in lyke ratte
 To scallder we devyse.
 Thus bothe wythe hyghe and bacce
 We ar at defyancee;
 Owr knowlege without gracce
 Ys worcce then yngnорancee.

We knowe we showld forgyve
 As we wold be forgyvyne;
 Yet styll in ire we lyve
 As thowge ovr hartes wear ryvyne.
 Revengmentes do we dryve
 For lyght occacyon gyvvvynne,
 We seke for cawse to greve
 Ovr neghbor morne and evyne.
 The mor we spy in spacee,
 The lesse ys ovr entrancee;
 Ovr knowlege withowt gracce
 Ys worcce then yngnorance.

All falleyd and dysseate
 We knowe we showld abbor;
 Yet usse we mor that sleight
 Then ever we dyd before.
 Lyyng in cownter weght
 To hurt ovr neghbore sore,
 So we may catche the baytt
 We passe uppone no more.
 Oppressyon berythe the masse,
 And lucare leades the dancee;
 Ovr knowlege withowt gracce
 Ys worcce then yngnorancee.

We knowe that we showld worke
 The workes of ryghtuowsnes,
 Yet lye we styll and lurke
 In slothe and idyllnes.
 We showld eschewe the durke,
 And to the lyght addres,
 Yet do we as the Turke
 Thys godlye lyght oppres.

In stead of workes we placce
 Owr lust and dalyancee ;
 Owr knowlege wythowt gracee
 Ys worcce thene yngnorancee.

Yche man acownt must make
 As he hathe heare vocaycyone,
 Hys talent not to slake,
 But turne to agmentacyon.
 Thys must we undertake,
 In payne of our damnacyone,
 Yet nowght we do but crake
 Of owr justyfycacyon.
 We thynk to knowe the passe,
 Dysscharge the elegencee,
 Thys knowlege withowt gracee
 Ys worss then yngnorancee.

Better to syt eavyne styll,
 Then for to rysse and fawll ;
 So ys yt moche lesse yll
 To know nothyng at all,
 Then for to have great skyll,
 And then lyve worst of all,
 Fullfylling not Godes wyll,
 As he hathe wyld we shall.
 Thus yngnorancee may facee
 Owr knowlege nowe in trancee ;
 For knowlege withowt gracee
 Ys worcce then yngnorancee.

Whyche gracee that we now want
 For want of cawllunge for,
 Pray we the Lord to grant,
 To salve thys forsayd sore;

And that in us he plant
 Repenttans in soche stor,
 That we may fle the hant
 Of owr wyllfulle erre;e;
 All vertue to ymbracee,
 And vycce away to glancee,
 As knowledge knyht with gráce
 May vankquyshe yngnorancee.

Fynys.

XVI.

The reare and grettyst gyfte of all
 That ever God gave unto mane,
 Unto kyng Salomone dyd befawll,
 A wytte yche wordlye thyng to scane;
 Whos sacryd wordes and wys request
 Egravyd ys within my brest,
 When he thus sayd, with hart accord,
 "Thre thynges deny not me, o Lord!"

Fyrst can he pray with humble hart,
 "Thy servant, Lord, do not compell
 Throwghe povertye to plaay soche part
 As thos that in dyspayr do dwell;
 Ne with the wykyd to cast lotte,
 By wronge to wyne that I have not;
 Wythe lothesume scyrpe my crums to crave,
 And wyshe my motheres womb my grave.

Nor for to curse hyme me begott,
 Soche synfull threde in fume to spyne,
 A breche of laws, to truth a spott,
 A share for eay unto my eyne;
 And last of all, for my most blame,
 My sowll shall suffer for the same;
 Forome soche hard hape and fynall end,
 Thy humble servant, Lord, defend."

Wythe bowyd kne and handes elatt,
 Whos lyvly lowkes can percee the skye,
 Wythe a puer hart thys hyghe estatt,
 Wythe swett shyrlls voyce thus can he crye,
 " Abundance, Lord, gyve not to me,
 Lest that myne hart exalltyd be,
 Throwghe heps of shynyng gold at fyll,
 I the forsake and worke my wyll.

Soche hatfull hordes to have in store,
 Soche worldly welthe to walowe in,
 Soche gredye hartes eay wyshyng more,
 Soche vayne advancement for to wyne;
 Frome humble bede to hyghe estatt;
 Regardyng not the fynall fatt;
 Soche hasty sprynges, soche faydyng grene,
 Sown ryepe, sown rottyne, as I wene."

Thus hathe thys wysse kyng mayd request,
 With nedye nakyd not to stryve;
 Soche reches yke he dothe detest,
 As kepthe the hart allway caytyve.
 And only thys thyng can he crave,
 A meane convenyent welthe to have,
 And yke a hart contentyd thene,
 A thyng most rear amongst us men.

Menyng therby not to presume
 Wythe the fenixe for to stryv in flyght,
 Lest that the sonns heatt them consume,
 And forome therthe arotte theym ryght;
 Nor with the dolfyne so to sownd;
 Wher anker howld non can be fownd,
 But with the meane content allway,
 Thus can thys wysse kyng Salomon pray.

Finis.

XVII.

In historyes off olde to rede
 He that dothe exsarsyes,
 Adventewrs strange maye se in dede
 Aparente to his eyes.

As I my selffe have rede no dowte
 In auctors many on,
 Wheryn the acttes hath bene sette owte
 Off many deade and gone.

Off some whyche in ther lyves have done
 Acttes dygne off note and fame,
 And some have wroughte wherby was wone,
 Notes off reproche and blame.

And as the worthé to our syghte
 Ar glassys to insewe,
 So ar the othar myrrors ryghte
 Of shame for to eschewe.

Off Herculyſ and Jasan stronge
I cannot showe the factes;
Off Hectore eke it ware to longe
To name his noble acttes.

Of Achyllys and Traylus sure
The dedes worthé and greate,
It passithe farre off me the cure
At this tym to intreate.

Off Lawncelate and stronge Trystram
I cannote speke this howre,
Whiche wane allway wher the became
Off chevalrye the floware.

With thowsandes more which leke them ware
In worthenes and strenghte,
Whiche at the laste be envyes snare
Consumyde wear at lenghte.

The caus whereof the trouthe to tell
Is easé for to name,
Even that the dyde so fare exsell
In worthenes and fame.

Whiche thyng in them som dyd envye,
So, for the trouthe to saye,
That by all means the dyde aplye
To brynge them owte athe way.

Sum thorowe gyll and trouthles trayne
To dethe no dowte wear browght;
Sum cruelly of iare ware slayne,
As hate the caus had wroughte.

Yet was there non among them all
Slayne withe more crewell spyghte
Then one whome nowe to mynde I call,
Whos name Lewes Weste highte.

A goodly jentill mane and squyare,
As any in all this londe,
And dwellyng was witheyn Yorkeshyare,
Youe shall well undarestande.

I knowe not well what the caus was
Whereoff the hate dyd sprynge,
But howe in ded it came to pas,
I wyll declare the thyng.

Bothe Johan and Jorge be name,
Sonnes unto the lord Darsé,
As men whos harttes iere dyde flame,
Voyd off all grace or marceye,

The xvij. day off Apryll pleane,
To mayke heareoff shorte tayls,
Assawghtyde hyme to have hime slayne
At his owene howse at Wayllys.

Havyng withe them twellve men in dede
Ther quarryll to assyste,
Yet at that tyme the colde note spede,
But off ther purpas myste.

At Aytton the vij. day off Maye,
With seventyne men ryght tall,
The dyd assaughte and miche asaye
Uppone hyme eke to fall.

But Lewes West, that jentyll squyare,
 As evydence ys ryffe,
 Dyd ever mor off them desyare
 Not to attempte suche stryffe.

The lord Darsé yete mayd beheste,
 And dyd them undaretayke,
 Betwene his sonnys and Lewys Weste
 An unyté to make.

This Lewes Weste he ment none yll,
 But thought all hade bene sure,
 But the no dowte went forwarde styll
 His dethe for to procure.

As at the fear of Rotharerame
 Apearyde very well,
 Whiche on the nexte Monday thene came,
 In Whytsone wicke it fell.

Thethare rode Lewes Weste full strayte,
 And Edmonde Weste his brothare,
 Twelve tall yemen on him dyde wayt,
 His sarvauntes and non othare.

Both Johan and Jorge Darsé also
 Cam thethare withe thear bownde,
 And all that day abowte dyde go
 Withe him to fall in honde.

But when the sawe it wolde not be,
 The dyd consulte full strayte,
 And sone betwene them sellves agre
 Homwarde hyme to awayte.

Whiche done, the rode ther ways before
To Ayeton, thre myll thence,
And laye in wayte withe men thre skore,
Armyde to make defence

With pryvy cottos and shurttes off maylle,
Withe weapons off iche kynde;
Wherwithe they thoughte them to assayle
As afor and eke behynde.

Theroff nowghte wyste the bretharne twayne;
Lewys and Edmonde Weste,
But rod togethare whom agayne,
At tyme when the thoughte beste.

But as the rode homwarde that tyde,
Ayttone witheowte lette,
The fonde them selvis on every syde
With enymes besett.

"Good brothar," then sayde Lewes Weste,
"We ar I se betreade,
Yet lete us nowe do even our beste."
Whereto then Edmonde sayde,

"Whyleste I," quoth he, "may lyfte my hande,
Havyng my lyffe and brethe,
Withe the, my brothare, I wyll stonde
Unto the very dethe."

The jentyll squyar to his men spayke,
Axsyng off them that stownde,
Yf the withe him suche part wolde tayke
As he wolde on the grownde.

To whome the answeryde by and by,
 Saynge, " We ar thy men,
 And withe the wyll bothe lyve and dye,
 Thoughe yche off them wear ten."

Withe that Johan Darsé forthe dyde breake,
 And sayde to Lewes Weste,
 " I have a worde withe the to speake,
 To drawe thy sworde ys beste."

" I have no thyng withe youe adoo,"
 Then sayde that jentyll squyare,
 " But whomwardes on our way to go;
 Lett us, I youe desyre."

Johan Darsé then to hyme dyd saye,
 " A very knave thowe arte,
 And or thowe pas from me awaye,
 My sworde shall pears thy harte."

Weste sayd unto the Darsé thane,
 " The mache ys no thyng leke,
 That ten or twelve agenste on mane
 At ons shulde fyght or stryke.

" A jentylleman I knowe youe be,
 And so youe wate ame I;
 Withe shame therefor mordare not me,
 But thus the mattare trye.

" Cum youe and foware off your beste men
 At ons and fyght withe me,
 And furtharemore yf youe wyll thene
 To yche off my men thre.

“ And yf youe chance to slay me no we,
I do youe cleane remyte ;
And yf I chance for to slay youe,
Theroff do me acquyte.”

The Darcys then mayde no delaye,
Withe all there rowte in fear,
But all attons dyd then assay
To slay that worthé squyare.

Who withe his sworde and buclare stronge
Agenste them mayde defence,
But that, alas ! cold not be longe,
Agenste that vyolence.

His sworde was brokene to his hande,
Wherewithe he manlye fowghte ;
Whiche his enymes shulde els have fownde,
And haplye deare have boughte.

On persyde there the body throrowe
Of that ryght worthé wyghte ;
Unto his brothars mortall sorrowe,
Whiche sawe that dollfull syghte.

Yet classpede he the Darsyes twayne,
And caste them to the grownde,
And hade them bothe undowtyde slayne,
Hade the not succare fownde.

Whiche him anon from them off toste,
And threwe him dowene asyde ;
Who forthewithe all gave up the goyste,
And ther among them dyede.

Yet Edmonde Weste, his brothar deare,
Bestroyd him in that cace,
Tyll he was felde, and deyde ryghte neare,
As the thought, in that place.

A pypare withe the Darsyes was,
I knowe not well his hame,
Whiche cryede lowde, and sayde, " alas !
This ys to great a shame."

On off the Darsyes harde that worde,
And, as a man paste all grace,
Persyde hime throrowe withe his sworde
Ryghte in that present place.

Whiche thinge ons done, the flede in dede,
Withe all there bande thear weas;
God send all suche ons yll to spede,
And here to lyve shorte days !

The squyare and on off his men thare
Lay dede uppone the grownde;
And all the reste that lyvyng ware,
Hade many a grevous wownde.

God sende them well to lyve and fare,
And eas off all thear smarttes,
And for the othare sorte prepare,
That whiche ys thear desarttes.

Whiche ys most condygne ponishementte,
And dethe for theare offence;
And gyve them grace for to repente,
Or there departure hence.

A shamfull thing it ys to kenne,
 And also moste unfite,
 That ever any jentill men
 Suche evell shulde commyte.

A warnyng, Lorde, grawnte this to be,
 For them to fle suche mys,
 Even thowe that dyede uppone a tre,
 To brynge us to the blys.

Finis.

XVIII.

Remember man thy frayle estate, repent thy follés past,
 Refrayne thy mynde from worldly woes, for deth approchythe fast.
 Ther ys no holde in worldly joyes; no surté can be founde,
 No stable frute for to imbrace, no pleasur to expounde;
 But slyppeir chaunces ryse to se, and wondars very strange,
 Which hape and hite in sondré sortes, as yeare and yeare do change.
 But suche as lyve I thus advis ther doynge so to frame,
 As the may well desearve to have a well reportyde name.
 A good name dothe wynne renoune, and shall not be forgotten,
 But fame shall sounde it forthe abroad when we be ded and rotten.
 By famous brute we heare and knowe the workes off fathars olde,
 From age to age, and tym to tym, we ar and have ben tolde,
 What frute ys found by suche reporte that brutyde ys off fame,
 Excepte that suche as heare and se tayke warnyng be the same.
 Consydare then as the be dede and buryede owte off syghte,
 So shall the higeste in estate withe all his poware and myght;
 Then shall his dedys, yff he desearve, be brutyde mor and mor,
 Frome age to age, and tyme to tym, as othars wear befoware.

This ys the moste assuryde hope that worldly men can have,
 Their workes shall wynne an endless fame when the be dede in grave.
 All vertue tendithe unto fame, and fame dothe make reporte
 What worthé acttes ar worthé mynde withe men off every sorte,
 What vertue ys avauncide moste, what vice in moste exsyle,
 What wysdome ys in worldly men, what folly wrought be gyle,
 Whot slyppar holde in worldly joyes, what ways to wyn renoune,
 What slyppare chaunce to rys and fall, what tornynge up and downe,
 What gredynes, what great disspyte, what rygore hath ben wrought,
 What wylfullnes for to revenge, what thraldome hath ben sought.
 But fame hathe brutede owt abroad that nought may be forgotten,
 Our chyl drengs chylde shall hear as moche when we be ded and rotten.
 No bettare frut ys founde on yerthe, no wyght that bearythe brethe,
 Cane bear hime bolde off worldly joyes, for all consume be deth.
 Suche as be wyse shall wyn renoune, for wysdome wynnithe fame;
 Wysdome settithe furthe the lawe and dothe perform the same.
 By wysdome men do understande what thinges be wronge or ryght,
 By wysdome men off mean estate ar chosen men off myght;
 For wysdome teachithe what ys good, and what ys vyle and veane,
 What stay ys hade in worldly joyes, howe long the shall remayne.
 What can we aske for our defence? What can we wishe or crave?
 But wysdome bryngithe to effecte in forme as we wolde have.
 What sentence ys so difficulte? What jugement so profounde?
 What suttell tayle so wylde tolde? bute wysdome can expounde.
 What ar done, or shal be donc, but wysdome can declare,
 Howe and when in every thing, and howe we may be ware.
 By wysdome men do lyve upryght and leyde ther lyff in peace;
 And whear no wysdome plantyde ys, ther can be no incres.
 So by wysdome fame ys wone, and folly overthrowene,
 And where as wysdome takythe place, ther vertue shal be knowene.
 Sythe then by wysdome worldly men do rule in every thinge,
 We muste regarde frome whence it came, wheroff doth wysdome spryng,
 But only of the fear of God, which fear muste fear us all,
 To lead our lyves from tyme to tyme as skripture showes we shall.

The man ys wyse that fearithe God, for he shall wyn renoune;
 He shall lament with wepyng eyes when ryght ys troden downe;
 He shall obsarve the lawe of God, and worke to walke upryght;
 He shall note fear the yle reporte of suche as worke disspyte.
 The fear of God withstandithe synne, and sheldithe worldly woes;
 The fear of God disswadithe wrathe and reconcilithe foes;
 The man that hathe the feare of God well plantyd in his breste
 Wyll do no wrong nore worke disspyte, but seke to lyve in reste;
 He wyll repulse the vayne desyre of treasour, land, or rente,
 He wyll not gethare syne to synne, but synfullnes repente;
 He wyll not seke his fleshly luste nor fed his fleshly eyes,
 Nor joye to have the vayne reporte that folly dothe devis;
 He wyll do good be all his days, offendyng no dégré;
 He wyll refrayne to treade the ways where wicked peple be;
 He wyll defende the comfortles, that non shall them oppres;
 He wyll relyve the fatharles and wedows in distres.
 Such on shall wyne the hartes off men, his lyvyng shal be knowen,
 He shal be lovyd of his joys, his vertues shal be blowene
 Into the eares of every lyge unto his endles fame;
 For wher a man belovyd ys, all men wyll preas his name.
 Love exceedithe all the joyes that worldly men can have;
 For love unytithe God and man, ther fethe and sollys to save;
 Love makythe men to joyne in on in welthe and woe alyke;
 Wher love ys knyte no pryde ys knowene, but joinyng cheke be cheke.
 Love dothe ingender famous brute, and workithe no dysdayn;
 Love recompensithe good desarte with dowble gyfte agayne;
 Love wyll not suffare fals pretence to forge a fonde debate;
 Love dothe note mormer non envye at honore and estate;
 Love causythe pryncis to provyde ther subjectes to defende;
 Love cawsithe rulars to forcé the workys that the intende;
 Love causithe joye and mery days withe every man and wyffe;
 Love maykithe subjectes bowe and bende in peace to pas ther lyf;
 Love defendithe ryghte and truthe, and wynnes the hartes of men;
 And wher debate dothe bear a brage, love maykithe peas agayn.

Suche as be lovyde may rejoyce, ther joye shall never seas,
 But spede and prosspere to ther wyll, and lede ther lyff in peas.
 I have no better gifte to give, for wysdome passithe golde;
 Yt ys a perphyte way to lyve, I thinke, as I have tolde.
 Then shall your lyvyng well declare the joyes that youe embrace;
 Then pray to God that he may helpe to strenght youe with his grace;
 Then shall ye kepe good nam and fame, youre lyff and concience clear;
 God graunte ye may for Christis sake, whiche bought us all so deare.

Amen, quothe Rycharde Sheale.

XIX.

Who lovithe to lyve in peas, and merkithe every change,
 Shall se suche newes from tym to tym as sem wonderous strange;
 Suche frawde and frendly lokys, suche frendshipe all for gayne;
 Suche clokyde wrathe in hatfull hartes, which worldly men retayn;
 Suche fanyde flatteryng faythe amonges bothe he and lowe;
 Suche great dissayte, suche subtill wittis, the weake to overthrowe;
 Suche spyte in sugeryde tongis, which bryng men ofte to care;
 Suche slydyng downe from slyppery seates, yet we cannot be war;
 Suche barkyng at the good, suche bolstryng up of yle;
 Suche threatenynge off the wrathe off God, suche vice imbrasyde still;
 Suche clymyng to estate, suche discorde daly wraghte;
 Suche forgyd tallys, dull wittes to blynde, such mattars mayd of nought;
 Suche tryfys told for truthe, suche credytyng off lyes;
 Suche sylence kepte when follis speake, such laugheyng at the wyes;
 Suche plentithe mayd so skars, suche cryeng for redres;
 Howe welthe declynithe towarde decay, what tong can well expres;
 Such changges lyghtly merkyd, such trobble still apearis,
 Which never was befor this tym, no not this thowsand years.

Such poverty abrowde, and fewe men takyth them in;
 Suche juels warne and poore men want, which ys both shame and syne;
 Suche pryntyng off good bookys, such praychyng synn to sle;
 Suche ronnyng hedlong into hell, it pittiethe me to se.
 Suche brybyng for the purs, such gapyng after more;
 Such hording upe of worldly welthe, such kepyng mucke in store;
 Suche prolyng for fate farmes, such dublyng of small rente;
 Suche heppis of golde in sum mens handes, yete no man ys contente.
 Suche byldyng of fear bowars, suche hunger kepte in hallys;
 Wher nydy men have fownde relyffe, now may the se bar wallys;
 Such folly fond in age, such wyte in tender youthe;
 Such sondry sectes among great clarkys, and few that speak the truthe;
 Such reconsylyng under crafte, and suche unstedfast ways,
 Was never immagynede within mans harte, as ys fownd nowe adays.
 The caus and grow[n]de of this ys our unquyate mynde,
 Which thinkythe to tayk thoys goodes away which we shall leave behinde.
 Why do men syke to gete whiche the cannote posses?
 Or los ther slypes with carfull thoughtes, and all for wracchydenes?
 Thoughe won among a skore have welth and eas a whyll,
 A thowsand wante that toyle full soar and travell many a myll;
 And sum allthough the sleape, yet welth fallyth in thear lape;
 Thus sum be ryche and sum be poware, as God givith them the hape.
 Whearefoware I hold hyme wysse which thinketh himself at eas,
 And ys content in symple stat both God and man to pleas.
 For thoys that lyves lyke Godes, and honoride be to day,
 Within shorte tym thear glory fallys, as flowars that fade away.
 Unsartayn ar thear lyves on whom this world doth frowne,
 For thoughe the syt above the starris, a storm doth strik them downe,
 Yf that the boughes do breake be whiche the yous to clym;
 For God doth exsalte and overthrowe as he syeth caus and tym.
 The tymes apoyntyde be, and alteryde in ther kynde,
 Be Godes forsyght and provydence, whos knowlege fewe can fynde.
 In welth who fearythe no fall may slyde from joie full son;
 Thear ys no thyng suar on yerth but chaungys lyke the mone.

What pleasur hath the ryche or eas mor then the poware?
 Allthoughe he hathe a pleasante hows, his troble ys the more.
 The bowe and speak him fear which secke to sucke his blude;
 And sum do wishe his soll in hell, and all to have his goode.
 The covetynge off goodes doth nought but dull the sprite;
 And sum men chance to taste the soware which grope after the swete.
 The ryche ys still invyede with thos that cate his brede,
 Withe fanyde speche and flatterying tallys his ears be daly fede.
 In fyne I se and prove, the ryche hathe many foys;
 The slepe full sownde and fearithe leaste that hath not moche to loys.
 As the worlde requerithe nowe who wyll avoyd muche striff,
 Wear better be a pleane poor man then leade a princis lyffe.
 To pas thes troblous tymys I se but lyttell choys,
 But helpe to weale with thoys that weape and loughe when the rejoce;
 For as we se to day won brothare brought in care,
 To morrowe may we have lyk chance, and fall into the sknare.
 Of this we may be suar, who thinkithe to site moste faste,
 Shall soniste fall lyk wetheride levis, which can abyde no blaste.
 Thoughe that the flude be great, the ebe as lowe doth rone;
 When every man hath playde his parte, his pageant shall be done.
 To trust this wracchyde world I hold them wors men made;
 Hear ys not on that fearith God, the beast ys all to bade.
 For thos that semith sayntes ar very devils in ther dedys;
 Thoughe the yerthe bryng forth sum flowars, it berith many wedis.
 I se no present helpe from mischiffe to preveyle,
 But loys the seale off worldly caris, and bear a quyat seale.
 For who that medlythe leaste, shall save him selffe from smarte,
 Who stirrith an oar in every bote doth play a folishe parte.
 Thus hear I mak an ende, wisshing for grace and helthe;
 God save Philepe our kyng and Mary our quyne, and eke the commenwelthe.

Finis.

XX.

As I lay of lat musynge in my bede,
 To bestawe my thoughte muche frome ydlenes,
 My mynde throughe fantasye all sore was ledde
 Uppone this vyle vale full off wracchydenes;
 I meane the worlde, dryvyng with drerenes,
 Wrappid with woo, wanderyng uncartaynlye;
 My mynd mased that very hevines
 Drove me to droppe on a dreame sodaynlye.

Where as me thoughte I was aravished in extacye,
 In a place wheare I hade never eareste beene;
 A multitude and a huge companye
 Was moving busylie on a greate grene,
 And suche a mountayne have I note yete seene
 As in the myd of this greate grene was sete.
 I musyde muche whate this meany dyde meane,
 So faste up this mowntayne for to covete.

And as I dyd up at the tope beholde,
 I sawe wone stande me thoughte with facis thre,
 Muche angelyke, with whinges glytteryng off golde,
 And on off his facis, as semyde me,
 Fayre smylede, the seconde loughte lovynglye,
 Comforte whearoff mayde me for to drawe neare;
 But the threde face frownyde so angerlye,
 That I was glade to hyde myne eys for feere.

Yete stode I, and staryde in a greate muse,
 And markyde howe iche dyd theme exsarsys;
 Sum with pleannes, and sum greate crafte dyd use,

Howe to assende upe the dyd styll devis,
 That who cowthe clymbe hygeste was tayke moste wyse.
 Sum wane the tope well, and stooode faste withall,
 And sum I sawe in there greate enterpryse
 Cum to the heghte, and sodenlye downe fall.

And all sortes off peple apearde theare,
 Great lordes, lewde laddes, meane men, and slavis,
 Spirituall and temporall crepyde neare,
 Ankers and harmittes with hokyde staves,
 Monkkis, cannons, and of frears many thraves,
 Curators, chancelars, and bisshoppes also,
 Officialles and deanys, with somnars theare knavis,
 Pardonars and hipocrittes, withe many moo.

Shreves and sysours that wraughte muche for mede,
 Queste-monggars, perinears, a greate rable,
 Borrewars and beggars that lyvede in neede,
 And of userars unnumerable;
 Lawyars, craftes men, merchauntes off the stable;
 I musyde what this meany pretendyde,
 Many and moste parte unmesurable,
 And fewe wightes I saw was well contentyde.

Lorde Jhesu! thoughte I, whate meanythe this syghte?
 I stood as dasyde, I make God avowe.
 Then stepte forthe an olde man, a goodly wighte,
 With whyte heare, whyte clade, sayde, "why stodyd thowe?"
 Alas! thought I, whate shall worth on me nowe?
 He sawe me dismayde, then with feare semblance
 And swete wordes, quoth he, "abashe ne drede youe,
 I ame your frende, my name ys Repentaunce."

"I pray youe, sir," sayd I, "off acqyntance,
 With licence I may move a questione;
 Of this visione shoue me the cyrcumstaunce."
 "Yes," quoth the tholde mane, "that shall sone be done.
 Marke ye thes peple withe theare provicione,
 And this large grene, the worlde doth syngnifye,
 Loo of covetus and pryde thabusion;
 The mounte meanythe honore and dyngnitye.

And yondare hymage on heghte, withe the whynges,
 Whiche ye may well perseve hathe facis thre,
 Sum he lyftithe upe, and many downe brynges."
 Quoth I, "me thoughte he loughede ons at me."
 "But truste him note," quoth the tholde man hardelye,
 "He wyll nowe loughe, and by and by yle frowne;
 He ys but fickle, fals, and untrustie,
 Hite ys Worldly Fortune, nowe up, nowe downe.

"Yete shalte thowe se more, loo," ande bade me cum;
 He showyde me anothare vision;
 Of all sortes off pyple theare sawe I sum,
 And but and handfull in comparison,
 With a mayde amonge them shone as the sone.
 "What ys she yondare, off glorious estate,
 To whome kynges and greate lordes honore have downe?"
 "Hit ys Grace," quoth he, "greate Godes advocate."

"I mervele," quoth I, "so greate a tumulterye
 Laboure uncartayne fortune to obtayne,
 And so small nombare to grace, Godes bountie."
 Quoth the tholde mane, "I shall mayke that to the pleane.
 Be meane of frayltie and follye thoys twayne,
 With fayntnes off fethe, firme and note constante,
 Maykys pyple regarde mor the worldes gayne,
 Then the Lordes love, whiche makes conscience skante.

No respecte to Cristes actes and kyndnes,
 Not considerynge his passione and payne,
 But rulyde be pryde and covetousnes,
 And who may clymbe highe on this made mountayne.
 The heghte wone, yete vanitie ys the gayne,
 Streghte fallynge ande faydyng as somer flowars.
 No seate owte of hevene ys sure of sartayne,
 Take exsample of oure predissessors.

And looke lowe on thy lyfte hande, and thowe shalte se
 The place for thos whiche frome grace dissever."
 A depe withe dongeouns he showyde me,
 Wher Dyves dothe dwell, and owte shall never,
 Sarvyde withe Sathane, and shal be ever.
 "He was set full hyghe on yonder mountayne,
 And nowe then all the worlde hade he lever
 Be easyde but one halffe owre off his payne.

A folly loo! to shewe this unto thoos
 Whiche beene soare rotyde in covetouusnes;
 The tayke the trwe wryte but for a fonde gloose,
 Estymynge muche more uncertayne ryches
 Then drede of Gode, suche ys theare folishenes,
 Studyenge more to clymbe on this mounte
 And to enjoye this worldes excesse,
 Then tavoyde Godes yre at there laste accounte."

"Good fathare, I pray youe tell me on thyng,
 What peple beene thes withe thys feare ladye?
 Sum poor, sum ryche, me thinke I se a kyng."
 "That thowe may, off all sortes are sum," quoth he,
 "Pore piple, greate lordes and ladys manye,
 Whiche have goode charitable concience,
 Lovynge God above all thinges earthelye,
 Frome yondare mounte Grace and I gate them thence.

And marke all yondare at the mountayne,
 Thear travell, theare truste, thear extrem facion;
 To go to the dyvell the tayke much more payne
 Then thothare done for there salvacion,
 Whiche shalle have heavene for their habitacion.
 All the meanye at the mounte, marke me well,
 But the cum to me by Graces vocacion,
 Bene dampenede with Dyves to burne in hell."

Withe that I fell prostrate flate on my face,
 Cryede, " helpe, Repentance, I tayke me to the!"
 " Stande upe," quothe he, and broughte me streght to Grace,
 And admyttede me off here companye.
 Withe that I awakyde evene sodenlye,
 Withe suche repentance as I hade sleapyng,
 Umblé besechyng the Holy Trenyty
 Make me as perficte when I am wakyng.

Amen, quothe T. S. P.

XXI.

In a comly closset, when the tyme was,
 With fear yonge damsels, galante and gaye,
 Thear lafte I my harte, and loste hit, alas!
 A tym of yle luke to me I may saye.

 Wone me thoughte fearyste dyd me sore move,
 Gravyde in my harte suche a grevous wonde,
 Throughe a wonderfull great occasion off love,
 A salve for the same I have note yete fownde.

Kynde harte be occasion broughte into love,
 Where on shulde thinke to fynde stydfastnes;
 Alas! no thyng cane such a harte remove,
 But dreary dethe or cruelle unkyndnes.

And to tell youe what was this occasion,
 Able to allure a trwe honeste harte,
 Semyng myn owene by juste exspectacion,
 Such a secrite syne I hade for my parte.

I knowe she lovyde me withe all here harte,
 And so continewede years twoo or thre,
 Tyll she fell to change, whiche causyde my smarte,
 That sorowe srvys on me incessauntlye.

Me thoughte me well spede as ever I was,
 Passyng my tyme nowe ofull and nowe glade;
 My comforte was to beholde here swete face,
 But then here absence, God wote, mayde me sade.

She was in myn yee the lowde-stare of lyghte;
 She was in my harte stintare off all stryffe;
 She was in my eye comforte of my syghte;
 She was in my harte leadere off my lyffe.

She was in myn eye suche as was no moo;
 She was in my harte loggyde thear full sure;
 She was in my eye comlyste, me thoughte soo;
 She was in my harte chefiste creature.

She was in my eye lustye off currage;
 She was in my harte evene my wholl hartes helthe;
 She was in my eye that mayde my harte rage;
 She was in my harte grownde of all my welthe.

She was in my eye whiche in my harte wroughte;
 She was in my harte a thing I hade longe sowghte;
 She was in my eye that me in love broughte;
 She was in my harte God wote dearly boughte.

So passyde I my joyous tyme a whyll,
 Never in my lyffe so far in love befoware;
 Tyll unfrendly fortune dyd me begyle,
 And cumbryde me withe care for ever more.

All the worlde to joye cannote me restore,
 No welthe ne riches can my harte redres;
 No creature can eas my harte of hit sore,
 But that comly whiche ys all merciles.

Whear love lackys, no sayng ys in season;
 No complaynte ys harde withe a harte stubborne;
 What valithe to utter ryme or reasone,
 Where pitti and love lackys, trwe harte may borne.

I have complanyde in mytter and prosse,
 But spyte and dysdayne dothe me interrump;
 Folly to try or complayne unto thos,
 Whos earys from pitti bee cleane stoppyd upe.

Howe shulde I nowe have good expedicion,
 Sithe frowarde fortune frowardly workythe still
 Agaynste me all that may be sayde or done,
 And she that shulde save ys readieste me to kyll.

O cruell damys, that beare suche spytfull hartes,
 Leave for very shame your arraunte-dysdayne,
 And to hime that lovis youe showe lovyng parttes,
 Jentillnes wolde ye shulde pitti his payne.

Looke or ye leape, and leave dirision;
 Gouerne well bothe your acttes and your eye;
 When ye have gevene lovyng occasion,
 And then shrinke frome hime ys small honestie.

Whene ye have treanyde a man with your lure,
 And knowes hime your owene be perfite dewe prove,
 Then to late to leave, for this ame I sure,
 A fethfull trwe harte cannote borde in love.

Use youre strangnes to him that lovis youe note,
 Covete to sete youre trwe frendes harte at reste;
 Alas! considare, for ryghte well ye wote,
 A mane can do no more but love youe beste.

Let me examplifie you, o lovars all,
 Tayke hede off womens occasion in love;
 Be ware howe ye truste, be the great or small,
 Sum be forgetfull, carles of reprove.

She that ys carles ys never stidfaste;
 She that is carles, thoughe her frendes shulde dye,
 She that ys carles, here car ys sone paste;
 She that ys carles shall never love trwlye.

She that ys carles sur hath no mercye;
 She that ys carles hathe no lovyng harte;
 She that ys carles lamenttes no boddye;
 She that ys carles wyll playe a carles parte.

She that ys carles tendars no manes smarte;
 She that ys carles ys nowe owte and nowe in;
 She that ys carles ys ever overtwarte;
 She that ys carles, who losithe hur dothe wyne.

Women weare mayde for to well wyll men;
Women wear mayde to love men and spare note;
The wear not mayde wittinglye to kyll,
Or for manes discomfort, say I care note.

I wyll not say that I am so macchyde,
Yete a lyke disseas I fele at my harte;
Whiche I knowe wyll never be dissapachide,
Tyll my lyffe and sole in sondar departe.

Thus into love wonderfully wyled,
Yete at begynnyng she manyde no crafte.
God wote, myn eye and hart was begylled,
For, alas! she was nat sur in the hafte.

When she hade even my wittes berafte,
And knewe me surly here owen fethfull mane,
Without caus gyvyng sodenly me lafte,
Havyng no resspecte howe our lovis begane.

Then hur frendly eye was clean tayk awaye,
Hur unkynde harte apearyde in hur face;
Wrongfully she wrought me wo day be daye,
Alas! then dyd she my corrage deface.

I sawe then I was cleane owte off here grace,
Offence I mayd non, I knewe perfyghtlye;
So sodene change in hur that so yonge was,
I wonderyd in my harte how hite myghte be.

I have knowen provyde perchance two or thre,
And I have rede of lovars many on,
So sodayn a change dyd I never se,
Nor rede of the lyke, for it ys alone.

Yll loste my sarvis and wors loste my tyme,
 I knowlege me gyltye of myn abuse ;
 As towchyng love this shal be my laste ryme,
 I hite defye and uttarlye refuse.

O immortall God, that lendd me reasone,
 Gyve me thuse thearof in this peanfull cace,
 That it may rull me in shorte dewe seaseone,
 To forget to love here and hure sweate face.

Besechyng thy clemencye off thy grace,
 To showe mercy, for mercy she hathe none,
 That I may love the, and lyve withowte trespas,
 For the love of women ys not to truste on.

Finis.

Amare et sapere viæ deo conceditur, quoth T. S. P.

XXII.

Considerynge this worlde and the increas off vice,
 Strykene into dumpe, ryght muche I musyde,
 That no maner of man, be he never so wyse,
 From all sortes theroff canne be excusyde.
 And on vis thear ys the more it is usyde,
 The more inconvenience shall gro day be daye ;
 And that ys this, let it be refusyde
 Give no sure credence to every hear-saye.

Credence ys quyeke in hearynge off yle,
 But in that whiche ys good our beleve ys as harde;
 Our evene cristinede slaunderouslye to kyll
 We be full readye withe tong frowarde.
 As with on worde our neaboure shulde be marde,
 Then owte it shall spyttfully as maye;
 The worste tall ofte withe most ys beste harde,
 Muche hurte hathe happenyde with belyvyng the hear-say.

A tayle shall seme trwe, and falls every whit,
 Yete credyte geven be reasone off the tellare.
 Thearfoware the goode and substanciall wyte,
 Or hite tell a tayle, tayke hede and be ware.
 For on shall sum tyme a falls tayle uttare,
 When after a thowsande canne hit nat downe laye;
 Thus rasyde ys ofte muche damnable slaundare,
 Be gyvyng credence to every heare-saye.

Lyghte womens tonges wyll rune at large,
 Whethare the tale be trwe or unjuste;
 Tythings of taverns, or Gravisende barge,
 Bayr-baytynges, barbars-shoppis ys nat to truste.
 An enymys tayle ys sone disskuste,
 Ye shall perseave it parciall allwaye;
 To all thes forsayddes refrayne we muste
 To give sur credence to theare hear-saye.

Lewede laddys wyll ly, flatter, and glaver;
 Dronkardes thear bablynges have never done;
 Sum lyes to obtayne thear mastars favoure;
 Sum lokys gravlye, and yet wyll ly sonne.
 But not the counsell of wyse Salamone
 Says, put the fals tonge from the awaye,
 Least the falls brynge the trwe to confusion;
 Of a lyars lypis beleve nate there-saye.

Consave the propertie of a falsse lyare,
 The persone, the purpas, and the intente;
 Be ware off a fals under-mynynge syare,
 Semyng all sollome and insolente.
 To suche let nat thy wysdome consente,
 Nor kepe thy harte close to them, but assaye
 With thy reasone thear purpas to prevente;
 Disclos disskritly, and avoyde thear hear-saye.

Also in a lyare marke well this,
 He lovis no bodye, thowe may be sure,
 But ever glade to mayke the ryght amys,
 Disspysynge, disdanyng iche creature,
 But such as ar mayde to his owen lure.
 He lovis nat the but for his owen praye,
 Whome withe flatterye he taykythe under cure,
 To give occasione to beleve his hear-saye.

A fawte may be done nate greatly amyse,
 Then commythe wickyde tonge with his ile wyll,
 And maykith it ten tymys wors then hit ys,
 Withe his vengeable venome he dothe the truth kyll,
 Disgorgynge of posonyde wordes his fyll;
 Lyke a devill he dothe poware paciente betraye,
 Whiche shall we blame thutterare of thill,
 Or the lyghte credence belyvinge the hear-saye.

Thoughe hear-saye be trwe, as perchance may fall,
 Yet fyxe nat thy credence to lyghtlye;
 Ye and thoughe the tellare seme ryght substanciall,
 And tell but be heare-say, why may he not lye?
 Thus betwyxte lyghte credence and a tonge hastie,
 Ofte tymys the giltles ys caste awaye.
 Condemnyng the absente, that ys unworthé;
 So passithe a ly from hear-say to heare-saye.

Throughe hear-say sum have lost ther wyvis,
 Hear-say injenderithe suche jeliosé;
 Throughe hear-say sum have loste ther lyvis;
 Throughe hear-say sum lake lybarté.
 Be hear-say a wholl queste dyssevide may be;
 Thus hear-say hathe made muche fowle aray;
 And wyll do more yet or we de,
 Yf lyght credence fle nat from hear-say.

Good Lord, howe sum will with loude voice
 Tell a tayle after the worste sworte;
 And sum hears howe the wyll rejoce
 Of ther neaheboure to hear il reporte;
 As thoughe it wear matter off comforte.
 Hearin our charité dothe deacaye;
 And sum makithe hit but game and spöрте,
 To tell a ly aftare the hear-saye.

Concludynge I speake to youe that be wysse,
 Hearein to dance all after on trace;
 That ys fals tonges to abbore and disspyres,
 And give them comfort in no suche cace.
 Then no dowte but in shorte tyme and space
 False flatteryng tonges shall fall in decaye;
 Who lyste a lyar discourage and deface,
 Tayke but lyght credence to his hear-saye.

Sith so many be the secte off lyars,
 And harde to knowe them but by probacione,
 Thoughe the be noughte and all yle desyars,
 Lete the diskrite use a wyse facion;
 And nat uppon a lyght relacion
 To exsarsys any hastye waye;
 Yt is lat to repent when a mischiffe ys donne;
 Therfoware be ware of belyving the hear-saye.

Tell a tayle of Gode, ore of sum sente,
 Or of any miracle that Christe hath donne,
 Sum will beleve it but harde and skante,
 And tayke it after a full lyghte facione.
 We hear saye Criste sufferide his passion,
 And man shall revarte to yerthe and claye;
 The rycheeste and stronggeste knowes nat howe sonne,
 Beleve well this, for trewe ys that hear-say.

Finis, T. S. P.

XXIII.

THOUGHE weddyng go be destenye,
 Yete love dos followe be fantasie.
 My fantasie ys so sete on oone,
 Of all othars me thinkes hur alone.
 Shall I to youe this darlyng disskrive,
 In myn eye non mor pleasaunte on lyve,
 And marke here feawltre in every case,
 Hur makynge, hur shape, in every place.
 Womans bewtie ys mans affeccion,
 So I juge after myne eleccion.
 Frome myn opinyone I will not starte,
 For sur I say thus with all myn harte;
 And no dowte sum have givene me prayse
 To be a good woodman in my days.
 I will here estate unto youe commende,
 And in myn eye harde hur to amende;
 As hard of here a kys to obtayne,
 But when I gete hite I am so fayne,
 Hit doos me more good, be Godes mothare!
 Then pleasure of a thowsande othare.

Here hear ys of the comlyste colloure;
 Here brethe pleasaunte, of ryght swete odore;
 Be my fethe and trothe, I meane no mockes,
 She ys a galant goldiloxe.
 Natur also hathe here so deckyde,
 And I dar say she ys as feare neckyde,
 As ys the sattene moste whyte and fynne;
 Woo ys my harte that she ys not myne.
 Here eye ys of a comly compas,
 And able to peares the harte off brasse
 Of him that doys his love to here owe,
 As pleasante when she lyste it bestow.
 In here eye extendithe dethe and lyffe,
 Now revivis, now woundis lyke a knyffe.
 No dowte she ys a pleasaunt maystris,
 Sum tyme angré, but not merciles.
 Hur forheide ys fayre, and full formall;
 Not bettell-browyde, but ryghte well equall;
 Great pittie here forhede or here face
 Shulde be coveride withe a bonne-grace.
 To see hur upcaste ys a good syghte;
 She letts note hur brous hinge in hur lyght.
 That I do say I may well performe;
 Here nose, also, off as good a forme;
 Nothare ys it to longe, nor to shorte,
 But mucche better then I can reporte.
 She ys nat mowthede lyke a sparrowe;
 Nothare to wyde, ne yet to narrowe;
 A pretie swete muse one may it call,
 And fayr bluddye lyppes theareto withall;
 Yf I myght but a nyghte with lybarté them lyk,
 It wolde mayke me wholl and I wear sycke.
 I must nedys prays here, it ys my parte,
 For I promys youe she hathe my harte.

Hur countenance ys constaunte and cumlye;
 In her behaviour she lokithe as umblé,
 And, as reasone requearithe othare whyll,
 She wyll pratelye and swetlye smyll.
 Hite pleasithe me well when she dothe smyrke;
 But her heavye locke makys me as yrke;
 Then away I lurke, awaye I rune,
 As thoughe all my joifull days wear done.
 And hur face ys as butifull and clear
 As man can wisshe, or yet desyare.
 No proporcion can be devysede
 Better then in hure ys comprysede.
 She ys comlye frome the fote to the crowne,
 Ytes pittie to se hure wear a slope gowne.
 She ys feare bodiede, and very streghte;
 Not losynge on hear breade off here heghte;
 Browde in the shuldars, small in the waste,
 Hur loynes and thes juge whene ye taste.
 But I trust all ys well thear no dowbt,
 I am note aquyntye theare abowte;
 I canne say nothings in that behalfe,
 But hur lege hathe a praytie rownde calffe,
 The small thearof as on wolde devise,
 And a prettie fote of the beste syse.
 Thus of here fewtre ys disskripcion,
 But yete of hure I have note all donne;
 Of my darlynge this ys the furste fyte,
 And ye pleas ye shall hear more of hite.

This comlye cors, this my swete love,
 Hathe goodly qualytés I can well prove.
 A fear hande, with finggares longe and small,
 To handell an instrumente witheall,
 Lut, gitehorne, virginall, or sawetris;
 Non instrument commys to hur amys.

But when she buckyls hur to daunce,
 The galauntes gyrle thinkys me hence to France,
 Exsepe God wolde say even for the nones,
 I will mayke on off fleshe, blude, and bonnys,
 Hard in a wholl realme to fynde hur mache,
 Ayhe well ys him that may this byrde cache.
 In my harte so soar pryntye ys she,
 When I slepe me thinkes I do here se,
 And nyghtlye do I dreame firste or laste,
 I se hur, I fele hure, I holde hure faste;
 But whene I awake, hit ys not soo;
 Then with syghenge renews myn olde owe.
 Alas! she ryves my harte in sondare;
 I love hure so, it ys no wondare;
 My harte will sarve me none othare ways,
 Hur comly daunsyng I muste more prayse.
 I think therin she doth exsell,
 For hit becommys so wonderous well
 To se hure cum so trickyng towards one,
 Ahe to me it ys a syghte alonne.
 Fayre bendyng backwarde above the waste,
 Lyke a jentyll bowe off a tre caste;
 The wombe furtheward to the beste advauntage,
 Lyke a lustie bowe off a fre corrage.
 To se hure cum in so freshe araye
 My harte wolde sarve me to met hure halffe waye,
 To give hure thanks withe lowe obaysaunce
 For hur paynys taykyng so well to daunce.
 She semys higheare in hur daunsyng
 Be an ynche, she makys sich pransyng.
 Hur personage ys fayre to beholde,
 But yonge, note yete even xx^u years olde.
 Or she be off that age full so moche,
 I thinke in Ynglonde wyll be fewe suche.

Here wysdome ys perfecte exselente,
I promys youe, unto my jugmente;
And say not but even withe a trw intende,
Her pears nat betwixte Carlyle and Kente.
Marke hur in all poyntes of goodlynnes,
Also in all poyntes of jentillnes,
And all hur exsellente qualytés
Moche more to prayse then I can devis.
Fye! my wite doos note so muche extende,
As halffe hure worthenes to commende.
Yet wyll I pray hur to disdayne note,
Allthoughe I now be playne and fayne note;
Yf this propertie in hure rayne note,
Whiche yf it do I wolde ryghte fayne wote.
Sum womene do use this tricke cum trayne,
Whiche commythe off a churlishe harte playne.
When she hathe a mane in hure daungare,
Then wyll she use him as a stranger;
And use to hime poyntes off onkyndness,
Whiche commys of pryde or folishe blyndnes.
To mayke hime sade she hathe delyte,
And smyle on othars for his disspyte;
Dally with him that doys nat move hure,
To greve his harte that beaste dothe love here.
Thinke youe this dothe a woman behove?
Nay, hearein she dothe hure selffe reprove,
With many mo trickes of unkyndnes,
Whiche wear to tedious to expres.
Me thinke it ys an onjentill parte,
To hurte a mane havinge his harte.
With fethfull love and so to here knowene,
And yete wyll hurte him that ys hur owene.
I wolde use no suche spytfull dysdayne,
Allthoughe I couthe not love hime agayne;

But use to hime honeste jentillnes,
And not devise to him unkyndnes,
As thoughe she wolde poole owte his harte roote
That for very love wold dy at hure foote.
O women, thys dothe note behowve youe;
What can a man do mor then love youe?
Suer nothyng becommes a woman lesse
Then to be spytfull, or mercylesse.
But as Gode helpe me, as I suppos,
I trust my ladye be non of thos.
I thynk in her ys pyttye and ruthe,
And no spyt, but jentyllnes and truthe.
For tyme that I have byne here servant,
I have not yete fownd her varyant,
Or she showld showe me ane unkynd tryk,
I hade rather be put in tholl quyke.
What showld I nowe but make an end,
I can her not worthelye commend;
Not in a years studye with my pene;
Be God, me thynke here flowr of wemen.
Prayng God gyve here longe lyf and helthe,
With plentye of hartes-eas and welthe,
And frome her yll wyllers her defend,
And shortly a good hosband her send,
Evyn to her fances contentacyon,
And to her hartes gratyfycacyon.
I promys youe in myne opynyon,
Who caches her, caches a mynyon.
Far well, darlyng; God gyve youe hys gracee,
And send youe hartes-eas in every casse;
And gyve theme small powr that wold you yll,
And them long lyf that bears youe good wyll.

Finis T. S. P.

XXIV.

Of lyghtnes most unsade,
 Whiche many women shewe,
 A frende and I off late talk hade,
 Where after worddes a fewe,
 Requeste to me he made,
 That I shulde serche to fynde
 Sum whote wherby I myghte perswade
 From wontonnes ther mynde;
 And that it myghte them wownde
 With suche shapnes off shame,
 To tayk occasione in short stownde
 Ther tryfflynge toyes to tame.
 Which then I undartooke,
 And made therto beheste,
 Takyng to me Godes holy booke,
 Where as I knewe dyd reste
 The trewe levell and lyne
 Of holly matrons lyves,
 Glasses to sete before the eyne
 Of wydowes, maydes, and wyves,
 Wherin the may well se
 Aparante to there face
 Howe fare ther manners dysagré
 From the meete wande of grace.
 Whiche dothe as fare dissente
 As darknes dothe fro lyghte,
 Or as the sonne most resp[1]endente
 Dothe fro the clowdy nyghte.

For wher with vertewes wyce
 They garnisskede sholde be;
 The ar the myrrors lyght and nyce
 Wherin all vice to se.
 As pryde in there atyare,
 And mucche talke owte off tyme,
 And drownede in all suche desyere
 As ys the cawse of cryme.
 Which thinges to reprehende
 Dewty my mynde dyde move;
 Yet not of hate that to intende,
 But under bondes of love;
 As in shewyng the glas
 Of matrons meke and mylde,
 Which in this worlde ther tyme dyde pas
 With no evell defylde.
 Thus whyles I dyd arectte
 My syghte on sacryd wrytte,
 Examples sone I dyde colectte
 Servyng thereto moste fyttte,
 Consarnyng womens lyves,
 Which in olde tyme ware leade,
 Myrrors for wydowes, maydes, and wyves,
 To lern trewe womanheed;
 Whose modeste mannars all
 And vertewes to repeate,
 My wyttes no dowte ar fare to small,
 The tyme ware eke to great.
 For bothe in youthe and age
 So blamles was there tyme,
 As styll remeynes a myrroure sage,
 Cleane voyd of culpe and cryme.
 Which yf the wolde beholde
 With symplenes of mynde,

Better it weare for them then golde,
 That the therin shuld fynde.
 Ferste lerne of theme the maye
 All vertewes to frequente,
 God and ther parenttes to obaye,
 With jentillnes deacente.
 To be vyrgyns in youthe,
 Of speche sylent and soffte,
 And of ther moode moste mylde in truthe,
 When welthe ys moste alofte.
 To be moste fare from gle
 Of wanttone gyglottes toys,
 The which no dowte where meadens be
 The ar ther parenttes joyes.
 Marke well, therfor, I say,
 Whate I unto youe tell,
 And beare thes thinges in mynd all waye,
 As nottes of good cownsell.
 For jentillnes benygne
 Uppone Rebecca looke;
 And for obedience condygne
 Old Sara ys a booke;
 In honore meke to be
 Lerne of Hestere the quene;
 In wydoweheade for chastitye
 Judythe a glas ys sene;
 Anna the wedowe old,
 For godly contemplacione,
 A spectacle ys to behold,
 And lyght of conversacion.
 Thes ware not prowde, but meke;
 Thes ware not lyght, but grave;
 In them was nothings for to seke
 Which wemen oughte to have.

Thes to ther husbandes heades
Ware crownes of honor ryghte;
And pressious perles witheyn ther beads
To rest with theme by nyghte.
Thes ware constante and juste,
And kepte ther wedlocke pure;
Thes ware nothinge adycte to luste,
But chast and honeste sure;
Thes wrytten dothe remayne
For examples most trewe,
That maydes and wyves and wydowes playne
By them may take a vewe;
Withe many othar ryffe,
Leke florissHINGE in fame,
Which also in the booke of lyffe
Prescribede ar by name;
Whose lyves all those that dothe
For to insewe agre,
Within the booke of lyff for soothe
Lykwyes wrettyne shal be,
And wyne the same reporte
That the befor have wonne,
Who in this lyffe hade never sporte,
But ryght ther race to rone;
Havyng before there face
The rewarde and the game;
God grawnte bothe wyffe and mead the grace
To do lykwyes the same.

Amen, quoth Henry Sponare.

XXV.

Thys myserable world in dede
 This day for to beholde,
 The hartes of all good men dothe blede,
 And be therat full colde;
 For vice dothe more and mor increce,
 And vertu dothe decaye;
 Trouthe ys clene thruste owt off the preace,
 And falsshede bears the swaye.
 Fewe lyppes or non ar voyde of lyes,
 Most tonges be full off gyle;
 Hatrede in height dothe still aryces,
 And love dwellys in exsyle;
 Unfaithfullnes dothe growe full faste,
 Trewe saythe ys gone and flede;
 Meknes of pryde ys so agaste
 He dare not shewe his heade.
 Covettusnes, that cursyde cryme,
 Dothe nowe rayne over all;
 And whordome but for good pastyme
 Ys hold with great and small.
 Ryght ys rejectyde throrowe wronge,
 And rygur reuelles the roste;
 Coll crewellté ys nowe so stronge
 That gentillnes ys loste.
 Mordare, malys, myscheffe, and theffte,
 Was never in such cace;
 Inequitie hathe clene bereffte
 Good concience of his place.
 Pore charitie ys chacide owte,
 Mercy hathe lyttle myghte;
 Extorsion was never so stowte,
 With envy and disspyghte.

Ipocrecie ys holden nowe
For tholyeste off all;
And vayn glorye, I may tell youe,
Most evangelicall.
Darknes in ryalltye dothe rayne,
Namyng him selffe the lyghte;
And dubblenes hathe put sertayne
Sothe syngleness to flyghte.
Concorde ys nere consumyde clene,
Deuission hathe so wroughte;
And almes ys not to be sene,
Of nedye to be coughte.
Pryuate commoditie lykewyes,
By treacherrye and stelthe,
Dothe still consperacyes syrmyes,
To sley pore commen welthe;
Trewe and upryghte dealyng juste
In great decay ys fall;
And flatteryng frawde lyves at his luste,
Fate lyk the beff in stall.
No kynd of yll but that full ryffe
Ys practisede in faye;
For yche man at his neabowrs wyffe
Like stonyd hors dothe nay.
God wyll therfore sharpe vengeance take,
I far, within short space,
Exsepte we do our synnes forsayke,
And call to hime for grace.
Whiche let us do unfandydye,
And to lyve well intende,
That we may rayne with hyme on hye,
In yoys that have no ende.

Amen, quoth Harry Sponare.

XXVI.

Of late as I layde me to reste uppone my bede,
 Most trobbluslye vexsyde in my mynd and thoughte,
 A slomberous sodayne slepe ther fell in to my hede,
 As nature in my eye the occasione had wroughte;
 Be mean whereof anone full sowthtly I was broughte
 Into a strange vision or dreame of my mynde,
 Throughe whiche be a voce thus to wryght I was tought,
 The may seke longe yenoughe that lystithe not to fynde.

Sonne after this voice hade to me revelatyde
 This notable sentence, wherto I tooke good heede,
 I awooke owte of slepe, beynge moche instygatyde
 To explycate and showe with brevitie and spede,
 Consarnynge that parable the full effectte in dede;
 Wherto full buslye my stodye I dyd bynde,
 The mocion of the trewthe for to say dyd me leade,
 The may seke longe yenoughe that lystithe not to fynde.

To prove this sentence trewe I ned note to go fare,
 For who ar the so blynde as thos that have ther syghte?
 Who cane make mor bettare then the that moste do mare?
 And who goythe mor crokyde then the that may go ryghte?
 Whose dedes ar those so darke as the that have the lyghte?
 The that shulde go formaste, cum often tymys behynde;
 Which movithe me therfor to say with all my myghte,
 The may seke, etc.

Some wyll objecte and say that my wordes ar not lyke,
 And that Criste in the gossPELL the contrary doth prove,
 In as moche as he saythe the shall fynd that doth seke,
 Unto whiche objectione this answare dothe behove.

He that sekynge be hate that muste be fownde be love,
 Or wolde obtayne be pryde that whiche meeknes ys asynd,
 Ye, or lokynge beneath for that that ys above,
 He may secke longe yenoughe, for he lystithe not to fynde.

This manner of sekynge ys now a days amonge most men,
 For the ar never ryghte tyll theye be furthest wyde;
 The ar beste acquyntyde in ways the do not kene;
 And loththe to departe thence where the shulde not byde.
 Ther stondyng ys note sur, tyll ther fyte slype and slyde,
 Dessarnynge have the non, untill the be starke blynde;
 But then all ways ar knowen to them withowte a gyde,
 Suche may seke long enoughe or ever that the fynde.

The dewtye of a cristiane it ys that I do meane,
 The whiche to knowe sarttes we ought the way to seke
 In skripture, wher yt ys to be fownde of the clean,
 Whiche take the thinge in honde with harttes umble and mek;
 And not of the ongodly, whiche serche and reade yt eke,
 For vayn glory and prays accordynge to ther kynde;
 For why the se and se not, wherfor it ys moste lyke,
 The may seke long ynoughe, etc.

The thyng only wherin the Lord dothe wholl delyghte,
 Ys in our obedience to his worde and wyll;
 When we above all thinges love hime with all owr myght,
 And of fethe glade allways his precepttes to fullfyll;
 Lovynge our neabore also as our selffe ever styll,
 To seke his helthe and welthe and prophete unrepynde;
 But this a frowarde harte cannote obtayn untill,
 For why the may long seek, etc.

Serchars of the skripturs ar few or non, I thynke,
 But have fownde all mens dewtyes ther owene set aparte
 And cane tell them every poynte therof, thoughe the wynk,
 Ye whethare the go ryghte, crokyde, or overtwarte.

But them selvis amonge all ar moste blynde and pervarte,
 For refusynge softe greane, harde gravell the wyll grynde,
 And wolde carry in a nute-shell that wyll combare a carte;
 But thus the may longe seek, etc.

The majestrate cane se the subjecttes dewtye well,
 So cane the poor subjecttes the majestrayttes lykwyys;
 The master to the sarvante of his dewté cane tell,
 To knowe the mastars dewtye iche sarvante him aplyes:
 Hosbandes cane showe ther wyves wherin ther dewté lyes,
 So cane the wyves ther hosbandes in the space of on wynde;
 But yche to se ther owen I fear me have no yes,
 Wherfor the may long seke, etc.

We ar lothe to do that, say som, to angger Gode,
 But the way to plays hime the wyll no thinge insewe;
 The ar lothe to refrayne from doying thinges forbode,
 And mor lothe a great way for to do ther owene dewe,
 As scripture dothe teche them, byenge the lowddes-man trewe,
 Whiche ladythe them to lyff that therto ar inclynde.
 Wherfor to this sentence let all men tak a vewe,
 The may long seek, etc.

Let no man, saythe Pawll, seeke his owen utyllitie,
 But every man the welthe off his neabore in dede;
 But yt ys a thing of most dificilitie,
 To se amonge ten thowsande on that way succede.
 For ryche men rathar famishe wher the fean to fede,
 And the that shuld be gyvars bereve bothe root and rynde;
 Well, thoughte suche looke for heavene, hell shal be ther mede;
 For why? the may long seek, etc.

He that lokys after lyffe, and drawse the way to dethe,
 And sekys after peace in the vayle off dissencion,
 Shall wante his wynde when he wold faynist tak his brethe,
 And in stede of praysé obtayne grete reprehencion.

But many dothe cownte it exsellent invencion,
 Fanydlye to serche for the thinge the do not mynde;
 Of whom thoughe I hear do make but small mencion,
 The may seek, etc.

He that sekythe at Rome for him that ys in France,
 Or lokythe in Denmarke for that which ys in Spayne,
 Yf he loos nott his labowre it ys a great chance;
 So he that sekethe pleasur wher nothinge ys but payn,
 Ys lyk to reape in loos when he lokys for most gayn.
 And he that sekys in Ynglonde for that that ys in Inde,
 Or to the sea dryede upe for lake and want of rayn,
 The may seek long yenoughe or ever, etc.

As unlyke ways are sowghte unto perfeccion juste
 By moste men at this day, who so marke it well;
 For sum rebucke lecherye, when the have layd ther luste,
 Invaynge agenste theffte when the have stoll ther fyll;
 And when the have shede blude, the call it syn to quell.
 Most love to talke of fastinge when the have well dynde;
 And sum when the have brawlyd, call quyatnes the bell;
 But the may longe sek for the, etc.

For yf the wyll not fynd the way to lyff eternall,
 The shall not fynd the thing wherto the waye doth lede;
 But rathar where ther wais ar moste fleshly and carnall,
 The shall obtayn and fynde that the moste fear and drede.
 For why all men shall reape accordynge to ther sede,
 And what ways the have walkyde the shall fynd at the ende,
 Let us intend therfor to seeke that way withe spede,
 Wherin all the that walk eternall lyff shall fynde.

Finis, q. H. S.

XXVII.

As I lay slombrynge in manner of a trans,

Uppone my bede sowthly, but even this othar nyghte,
Into a dream dowtfull I fell that tyme be chance,

Me thought a great company apearyde to my sighte;

Among whom many preachars desarne well I myghte,
Which tought them all the ways the owght to walke in;

But to worke the Lordes wyll and to do that ys ryght,
The all streanyde curtesé who shuld firste begyne.

Ther was of all degrés from the highe to the lowe,

And non to do goode but wear lothe and very slacke;

For among all the ryche towarddes the poor, I trowe,

Of on ynche of goode wyll mor then the halffe dyde lake.

The pore ther wholl love also from the ryche kepte backe;

And so betwen them bothe miche spyte the dyde spyne;

But to walke the Lordes ways, and to kepe the ryght tracke,
The all straynyde curtasie who shulde firste begynne.

The more that the preachars ther dewtyes to them tolde,

The mor lother the ware in the same to prosede;

The faryde as the hade byne neathare whot nor colde;

At the whiche syght trewlye my hart for wo dyd blede.

The way of dethe and mischiffe to drawe the hade no drede,
Of Goddes ferfull vengeance the passyde note a pynne;

But to ensewe the way that unto lyff doth lede,

The all stranyd curtasye, etc.

No vice was revokyde, neathar vertu frequentlyde;

No thyng was done worthé to desarne a good name;

But the beste of there doynge was to be lamentyde,

And even to be taken for dissonesty and shame.

For to play with harlottes the cowntyde it good game,
 Usyng rape and modour as it hade ben no synne;
 But aftur the gossPELL thear lyves for to frame,
 The all straynede, etc.

For whear as the ryche to the pore shulde have gyven,
 Leke rygorous ravyns the porc the oppressyde;
 And wher the to fede them of dewetye war dreven,
 With fammyn the frett them, ande that never seassyde.
 And whear the shulde have clede the porc, beyng distressyde.
 The tooke away ther clothes, and whipte ther bar skynne;
 But to followe the worde whiche the hade prophessyde,
 The all straynede, etc.

The por ware unpaciente, and thoughte the ryche to shende,
 Lyke ranke rebelles be rowttes, accordyng to ther luste;
 Tyll the had provokyde Gode his wrathe to extende,
 Wherby the perisshe a nombar to the duste.
 Wher hade the prayd to God in faythe and perfite truste,
 Of ther balfull burthens sone easyde the hade bene;
 But I sawe to do well as the wear bownd most juste,
 The all, etc.

Godes worde was so abowndante in ther mowthes for the moste,
 That the colde teache yche othare to amend the leaste yle;
 But the greatesste in them selvis myght be long yenoughe at oste,
 And yet to reform them the knewe no poynte off skyll.
 The mottes wear plucte away, but the beamys abode still;
 The recte not ther follis losse, so ther bodyes myght wynne;
 But Godes holly preceptes to followe and fullfyll,
 The all straynyde, etc.

The theffe tolde mortherrare he dyd nought to kyll;
 The mortherrare sayde it was synn to play the theffe;
 The vowterare tolde the swayrare he dyd very yll,
 "Thow avawtterare," quod the swearare, "arte worthé off re pryffe."

"The covetous," quod the sluggard, "of yll doars ar cheffe."
 "Slothe sluggarde," quod the covetous, "thow art of Sathans kynne."
 Thus yche man to tell othar ther fawttes wear very leffe,
 But to amend ther owene, etc.

The lyar tolde the gloottone he eat and dranke to muche;
 The glutton sayde the dyvell was fathar off them that lyede;
 The prowde man at the flatterare very sor dyd gruche;
 "The angels," quothe the flatterare, "fell from heaven for pryde."
 "Idolytars," quod the wrathfull, "of heaven ar denyde;"
 "Wrathe," quod the idolytar, "that ys a dedly synne."
 Thus after this manner yche othars fawtes the spyde,
 But to amende ther owene I sawe non, etc.

I sawe sume hade corne, cattell, and leathar for to sell,
 To whome of compowllsion sume com for to bye,
 Desyrynge and requyrynge them the price to tell;
 "That ys," quod the sellare, "Gode knowithe, for to hye."
 "Then abat," quoth the byar. "Ye," quothe the sellare, "why?
 Shall I not take my marcote? Yes, the hold the a wynne,
 Yche sell as my neabours do in the spyght of the pye;
 For iche chill not be the furste that the cheape shall," etc.

"Why, why?" quod the byar, "youe wyll grant yt ys to dere;
 Whiche youe may remedy, I knowe, yf ye wyll."
 "Go to mor of my neabours," quod the sellars, "that be here,
 And wet yf the wyll bate the valewe off a quyll."
 Forthe wente the pore byar over all the wholl hyll,
 To grassyar, fermer, tanner, or ever he dyd lynne,
 But to fall of ther price I behelde them well still,
 The all strandyde corché who, etc.

But howe so ever it chansyde, ther fell a great debate,
 Betwen grassyars, farmars, and tanners, well I wote,
 Butchars, brewars, bakars, and many anothar mate,
 As mylnars, and ayle-wyves, a very shamfull knote.

The on in the othar spyede many a fylthé blote,
 With harppynge and tappynge, the curste iche othars shynne,
 But still among them all the powar went to the pote;
 Which thing for to amend I saw, etc.

The grassyare and the farmare of all I merkyde well,
 And I bare away the worddes betwene them every jote.
 "Thowe knave," quod the grassyar, "wylt not thy corne sell
 Tyll it be molde and mustie?" Thes worddes the farmer bote.
 "Knave on thy hede!" quod the farmer, "wet nowe whot thou haste got,
 For befor thou wylt fall of thyn own price a whynne,
 Thow hadste rather have a thowsande shep to dy of the rot;"
 But yet nothar of both to amend wold, etc.

The tanner and the boychare but lyttle ado dyd make,
 But the breware bent his browes, and swar by coxe soull,
 That withowt all conciance the baker made his cake.
 "Brewar," quod the bakere, "I befooll thy lowsey noull!
 Thow ladste on dubble wattere with thy great myghté boull,
 And maykeste thy drynke syngle, syche ys thy crafte and gynne."
 But bothe sayde the myllar was a false theffe to toull,
 Yet the all stranyd curtesey to mend who shuld, etc.

The myllar he waxte made, of whom I spayke before,
 And the ayle-wyffe not a lyttell he begane to taunte;
 Firste he sayd playnly she wold augment her score,
 With many othar craftes that ayle-wyvys use and hawnt,
 As in mesur and myxsyng, which she allmost dyd grawnt;
 But when she sawe in ded that to barke he wold not blyn,
 She cald him arrante theff, and bad hem to awawnt;
 Yet for to amend ther was non that wold begynne.

As every man can spye the fawttes of his brothare,
 But wyll not se them selves wherin the ar detecte;
 And as many wyll rebucke a small thing in anothar,
 Wher as the hade moste ned ther owen fawttes to correcte;

So lykewyes amonge them even suche as ware infecte
 Moste shappely reprehendyde othar men to ther chynne;
 But for to leade ther lyves holly and syrcumspecte,
 The all strandyde curtesi who shuld begynne.

Ryght sodenly withe that from slomber I awooke,
 The salte teares from myn eys ronnyng then full flyght,
 And unto this vision good hede sartis I tooke,
 Thinkyng uppone the same this small song to indight.
 Lete us pray to God therfore both day and nyghte,
 To fyll us so with grace, which ar but weake and thynne,
 That we may walke thos ways axseptyd in his syght,
 And not to strayn curtesye who shall firste begynne.

Finis, Harry Sponer.

XXVIII.

In a pleasante earbar, very quaynte and quadrente,
 With bordars bewtifull uppone every syde,
 Amonge the flowars so fresshe and fragrante,
 Whos aromatyk odours insensyde owte full wyde,
 Weryly as I walkyde, a grene bancke I aspyde,
 Whearon I layde me downe in heavye slepynge plyght,
 Slombrynge, by a vision a voice to me ascryde,
 Saynge, vice throughte vyolence hathe put vertu to flyght.

Halffe dysmayde and afrayde, frome slomber I awooke,
 Beynge maysede, I gaysede the place all abowte,
 My reasone that season dyd move me for to looke
 In the vale of a dale; where I sawe an hewge rowte,

Which dyd cry owte on hye with a sharpe hedious showte;
 For so stronge was the thronge, and so fell was the syghte,
 That in thoughte I was coughte tyll myn eye teares brast owte,
 To se vice throughe, etc.

I sawe faythe overfasyde throughe infydelytye;
 And hope was fayne to fade by means off dispayere;
 Pryde was full placide in rume of umilytie;
 And love was overlayde, for hate was here betreare;
 Truthe kepte but lyttell trayde, for fallshede became ayer;
 Sor pynede was pacience by wrath that wyckede wight;
 Marcy a mocke was made by rygur the lorde mayer;
 And thus vice throughe, etc.

Lassivious lecherye hade chastitye in chace;
 And creweltye the cur put pyttye to myche payne;
 Gluttenye the gutlynge beat abstinence in bace;
 And peace was put in prysone be stryffe that sturdy swayne;
 Lyenge, that lowde lossell, sought southnes to have slayn;
 Brute brallare the beggare exsylde quyatnes quight;
 Trewe measur was martryde by crafte, that cursyd Cayn;
 Thus vice thrughe vyolence, etc.

Obedience was bannyshede by the secte off sedicione;
 Myld meeknes was maymyde by stubbernes the stowte;
 Ignorans ierfully barkyde at cognysyon;
 Wyld waste the wytles expulsyde plentye owte;
 Rank ravyne the ruttare made foyson fle the rowte;
 Wracchyde wrong withe his weppon wan ryches uppon ryghte;
 And covetousnes cursyde good concience all abowte;
 Thus vice throughe vyolence, etc.

Throughe dyvellyshe dyvysyone concorde was confowndyde;
 And faynede ipocrysye ponyshyde trewe perfeccion;
 By dronckennes the drane sobryeté was wowndyde;
 Dysdayne chaynede charytie in the pyte of perplection;

Byttarnes the baylyffe by his highe eleccione
Put sofftnes to sylence ; ye and temperance full tyghte

Was caste be ragynge fūrye intó rejection.

Thus vice, etc.

Consumyde was constancye throughe instabylltytie ;

And pytiles the pagane in revell gane to range ;

Sufferance by vengeance was caste in debelytie ;

Veritie dyd vanishe, and stode in state strange ;

Symplicitie the saynte his face was fayne to change ;

Dylygence was drownyde throughe slouth with his slyght ;

Goode mannars ware meltede by Jake Sawce of the Grange ;

Thus vice, etc.

By teanaxe in a trance layde was lyberalytie ;

And skante with his skorge made largnes for to lowre ;

Dullnes with his dumpes slewe quycknes of quallytie ;

And blyssynge was blankyde by cursynge in that stowre ;

Matrymony was mrryde by whordome that howre ;

Foly fret at sapyence with mayne and wythe myghte ;

Kyndnes was kyllyde by churlyshenes the sowre ;

Thus vice throughe, etc.

Rascall the ruffynne resystede nobylytie ;

Puartye and clennes by fylthe ware defylede ;

Contencion and debate dystroyde tranquylytie ;

Throughe malyce and envye frendshipe was exsylede ;

By meantenance of mischiffe lyffe the les was whylede ;

Dyme darknes abowndyde to quenche the clere lyghte ;

Wyckydnes was in welthe, and goodnes went begylede ;

And thus vice by violence, etc.

Brybery sate for juge in gyvinge of sentance ;

And Perjerrie Prat-faste was forman of the queste ;

Lewys Lucur the lawyare made ryght wronge for pens ;

And userye the merchaunte of gaynnes made his neste ;

Rapaxe with his rake off clawynge wold not reste;
 Ambission and smymonye wear busshopes bothe in syght;
 Gredygute the graysiare the povertie suppreste;
 Thus vice throughe, etc.

Extorcion was exsaltyde and set upe alofte;
 Conspiracie was placide, and treason not revokyde;
 Bachyttyng and slanderynge came abrowde very offte;
 Almes was an abjecte, for tyrrany him smokyde;
 By ragyng heat the hastye softe coldnes was chockyde;
 Agaynste trewe relygione vayn glory was pyghte;
 Famyn the farmare all darthe under him clokyde;
 Thus vice, etc.

Rude ryote was in quyate whane dyot he hade fleane;
 And reason that season was geasone every where;
 Dyssordar and mordare the bordare dyde so stayne,
 That the crye went full nye to the skye I dare sware;
 Coll Unjuste threwe old truste in the duste be the hare;
 Worldly shame made good name to ly lame in pore plyght;
 And dyssayte layd his beat and cought straye in a snare;
 Thus vice, etc.

Thus howe vice wane the price I stooode and behylde,
 Tyll remors dyd inforce me to Gode for to crye,
 Helpe to sende, and extende, lest that vertu war spyld,
 Which was ther in greate fear, and lyke for to dye.
 That this strenghte at the lenghte may cum from an hey,
 Let us all cry and call bothe be day and be nyghte;
 And then grace in short space no dowt shall aply;
 That vertue shall florishe and vice be put to flyght.

Let us pray for Philepe and Mary, the firste of the name,
 That God ther ryall majestice may longe prosspare and mayntayn;
 And with trewthe and veryté ther harttes to inflame,
 Graciously to rull all the tyme of ther rayne.

And for my lady Elsabethtes grace pray we also a meane,
 With all the noble counsell worthé to resyghte,
 That God offe his enfluence may put into ther brayne
 For to exsalte vertu and put downe vice quyghte.

Finis, quothe Herry Sponare.

XXIX.

My jorney lat as I dyd take,
 I harde on syghe and his mone make,
 To mothar Jone showyng his wrayke,
 As on drownede in sorrou lake,

And wo-begone.

"My wyffe," quod he, "mysusithe me."

"Ye doth," quothe she, "alocke, good Johan!"

"Good mothar," quod he, "I have a wyffe,
 So apte to skolde, so prone to stryffe,
 She makys me werye of my lyff,
 All yvele ys in here so ryffe,

And goodnes non;

She wyll not be rulyde by me."

"No wyll," quod she, "alocke, good Johan!"

"When I commande here to do owghte,
 She settes my worddes strete wayes at noughte,
 Swaryng by God that here dear boughte,
 That thinge ys furthest from her thoughte,

Lyk a stowte crone;

And wyll agré no thing to me."

"No wyll," quothe she, "alocke, good Johan!"

" Nowe when she dyd so use me furste,
 To fyght with hur I thought I durste;
 But when I sayd, I hade the worste;
 She was for me to to to curste,

By swete sent An;
 Here game and gle nought pleasithe me."
 " No dothe," quod she " alocke, good Johan ! "

" She makys me rys upe in the morne,
 And go to woorke as on foole shorne;
 And she lyes lougheyng me to skorne,
 Untill the day away be worn,
 And well forthe gon;
 Which thing, perdye, dothe sor greve me."
 " Ye doth," quoth she, " alocke," etc.

" All the wholl day, when she ys upe,
 She wyll noughte do but bybe and supe,
 Rynsyng the can and good ayle cupe,
 Untyll she ryll as rownd as a hoope,
 And dronkly grone;
 Makyng at me the pottes to fle."
 " Ye doth," quod she, " alocke," etc.

" Nowe when to dyne or supe I cum,
 I have nought but the lowrynge glome;
 But wyll I eathar brede or bunne,
 I muste it fache both all and some;
 And she lok on;
 Which makythe me ner made to be."
 " Ye doth," quoth she, " alocke, good Johan ! "

“ Ye, yet yf I speake ought to that,
 She waxsithe strate made as a wate,
 Fallyng with me to fyghttyng flate,
 And then to say she dothe me bate
 Both bak and bon;
 And she goithe fre away fro me.”
 “ Ye dothe,” quothe she, “ alocke,” etc.

“ In crowyng, mothar, she ys a coke,
 To skrache a cate, to byght a brock,
 A star or popynggay to mock;
 That when in dede I chos that stock
 To graffe upone,
 Yle desteny was hard to me.”
 “ In dede,” quoth she, “ thow sayste truthe, Johan!”

“ Here yle condicions all to tell,
 Trewly, good mothar, I cannot well;
 For yf a man shuld rack all hell
 And fynd here mache, I wold mervell,
 The truth to scan;
 Fayn wold I be frome her ons fre.”
 “ I do,” quod she, “ beleve the, Johan.”

“ In dronkennes, good mothar, nowe
 She ys most lyk a swyne or sowe;
 Here clanlynes I dare avowe,
 Ys not so good as Tybbes my cowe,
 Which ys alon;
 That wo ys me, alas!” quod he.
 “ In ded,” quod she, “ no mervell, Johan!”

"When I wold reste," quod he, "at nyght,,
 I fynde my bedde in lowsie plyghte,
 The shettes stinckynge almost bote whighte,
 Which ys, God kennes, a lothsom syghte
 For any man;
 No better be it wyll for me."
 "No wyll," quod she, "alocke, good Johan!"

"We never cum togethar nye,
 Untyll hur bally waxsithe hye;
 Yet wyll shy say and testifye
 That fathar to here chyld am I,
 Both hede and ton;
 Which howe to be moche mervels me."
 "In ded," quothe she, "thowe mayste well, Johan!"

"Well, thoughe she use me lyk a lowte,
 She nede," quod he, "not be so stowte;
 For she her selffe ys fowll of sknowte,
 Havyng great legges and full of gowte,
 As blacke as slon;
 Yet most grevis me her harlotré."
 "I do," quod she, "not blam the, Johan."

"Fortune to me but yll hape gave,
 When that she led me here to have;
 But God myght nowe the matter save,
 Yf he wold tayke here to her grave,
 Flesshe, blude, and bon.
 That wear," quothe he, "great joye to me."
 "Youe lose," quod she, "your bacon, Johan."

“Bacon,” quod Johan, “so mote I the,
 Shuld not be clamyde ons for me,
 Allthoughe that Donmowe pryorye
 Stond in the old prosperitie,

Ech stood and ston.

Therfor lete be suche talke,” quoth he.

“Well then,” quod she, “I have done, Johan.”

Thus stondyng in a cornor queynte,
 I harde howe Johan to Jone made playnte;
 Tyll sorrowe hade my harte ataynte,
 Whiche me compellyde of constreante

For him to mon.

Therfor all ye, pray now with me,
 That God may se a meane for Johan.

Finis, quoth Harry Sponare.

XXX.

Awak, all fethfull harttes, awake,
 And with meeke myndes your selvis prepare
 The crosse of Criste on youe to take,
 Whiche all trewe cristiance ought to bare;
 As Christ doth teche,
 This lesson sur all men muste lare,
 That lyff wyll reche.

Cristis crosse in dede both yonge and olde
 Must nedys tak upe, I tell youe trewe;
 Or els to say I dar be bolde,
 We cannot ryghtwysly insewe
 The perfite race,
 Whiche the gossPELL dothe pleanly shewe
 Befor our face.

This crosse ys trubble, payn, and smarte,
 Affliccions sharpe, and tormenttes fell;
 Mockes, skorns, and rayllynges overtwarte,
 Prisonment, bonddes, the truthe to tell,
 Which we must bare,
 Yf we with Criste in joye wyll dwell;
 This prove I dare.

Our Saviour Criste this crosse hathe borne,
 With his apostelles more and las;
 So dyde the prophettes long beforne,
 And patriarkes whiche dyd proffes
 Ryghtly to walke;
 The truthe no dowte dothe bare wyttnes,
 With this my talke.

Let us therfor with on assente,
 The which of Criste trewe membars be,
 Tayk upe his crosse with meke intente,
 And bare yt leke in eche degré,
 As the have done;
 Whiche in moste sharpe perplexitie
 Ther ras dyd rone.

For unto them that lovith Gode
 No thyng but chancithe for the beste,
 Sycknes or helthe, deth, squorge, or rode,
 Or whote so ever on us doth reste,
 As Paull dothe say ;
 Whose wordes forsoth I dare proteste,
 Non can denaye.

When persecucion doth aryes,
 We ought therat joyefull to be,
 For Crist allways his juste flock tryes,
 In sharpnes of adversitie,
 In every age,
 As in the wryttynges we may se
 Of awghtors sage.

And when Gode dothe his churche so prove,
He dothe theryn nothyng declare,
But the great admyrable love
Whiche he to us dothe dowtles bare,
Which ar his flocke;
Why shuld we then fore any fare
Refus his yocke?

The greatest joye we owght to take,
 Belovyd frendes and bretharne all,
 Ys even to suffore for Cristis sake
 What thing so ever to us befall
 By days or nyghttes ;
 For Crist doth such most blesseyde call,
 As Mathew wryghttes.

Pytare, with Johan and Paull by name,
 Which tought of Criste the fethe so pure,
 Suffrynge therfor bothe payne and blame,
 Dyde cownte them selves most happye sure;
 Becauss the ware
 Cowntyde worthé for to indure
 For Criste suche dare.

The joyes whiche the had in there syghte
 Dewe unto them at ther ways ende,
 Dyd mayk ther paynes and trubblys lyghte,
 Which tyraunttes dyde on them extende;
 Drawe nere and harke,
 And all whiche nowe have bowes to bende,
 Shoute at this marke.

For yf we look to the rewarde
 Which Christe for us in store hathe layde,
 We shall not think his crosse to harde,
 Nor yete for far at any breade
 From him ons shrinke;
 But, by his grace and myghttie ayde,
 Of his cupe drynke.

This cupe I mean ys mortall payne,
 Whiche syngnifyeth his crosse lykwyys;
 Gode mayk use dygne both to sustayne,
 And gyve us grace to enterpryce
 The narrowe waye,
 So that we may at laste aryys
 To lyff for aye.

Finis, Sponer.

XXXI.

When ragyng dethe doth drawe his darte,
 And commys to stryk with myght and mean,
 No thyng can caus hime to revarte,
 But pers he doth both hart and brean;
 No gold nor mede may him infecte,
 He dealythe so withowt resspecte.

Deth ys to all estattes aleke,
 To ryche and pore, to lorde and knyghte,
 To yong and old, to prowde and meke,
 And fearith not the best to smyghte;
 For emperoure, kynge, with quene and prynce,
 With his shorpe stinge he dothe convynce.

No wyght in worlde dyde ever lyve,
 But of hime he hath wrought his wyll;
 All place to hime ar fayn to gyve,
 And even submyt theme hime untill;
 The wortheeste that ever was
 Fre from his sting cold nevar pas.

Dethe taykythe som of age an howre,
 Sum at a yere, monythe, day, or weke;
 Sum las, sum more, such ys his powre;
 Wher as he lystith for to streke,
 He never doth of them inquear,
 Howe longe tym the have lyved here.

Deth ys not hastye to old age,
 Nor slack in commynge to yong youthe;
 But wher he lystithe in his rage,
 Of bothe the sorttes he takys for truthe;
 Neathar ys flattery nor threatte,
 That may aswage his fury greate.

Of deth no wyght cane well be ware,
 He commys after so many kyndes;
 For many of on sort him fare,
 With sondry ways he workes ther enddes;
 Of some by haltare, sworde, and fyare;
 Of some be watar, flude, and myere.

Deth sodenly doth some approche;
 To sum be cassalltyes misschawnte;
 To sum agayn deth workyth wroche,
 When the off welthe doth most avaunte;
 And when to lyve suche lyek moste beste,
 Deth with his mase doth them areste.

Yet commonly dethe most doth warne
 By sondry gryffes and sycknes strong,
 Which messengars doth all men lern
 That deth frome them wyll note be long;
 Who when he commys wyll in shorte tyde
 The soll from body clean devyde.

Deth grawnttes no lybertye nor space,
 Nor perfyte repentance her to tak;
 Deth gyves no tyme to call for grace,
 Nor yet of wronges amendes to mayk;
 Both fear and fowll to hime ar one,
 Resspecte to them he showithe non.

No clark nor lawyar with ther crafte
 Cane fynde that holl to hid them in,
 Wherby the may avoyde the shaffe
 Of deth, which ys so sharpe of gynne;
 But wher he commys, ther ys no naye,
 Wyll the or nyll, the must obaye.

Deth neathar ys a foe nor frynde
 To good nor bad, as trewe as crede;
 But uppone both he doth his kynde,
 As Godes just messenger in dede;
 And in what stat he doth them tak,
 Ther dissolucione he doth make.

Deth puttes all men from ther intente;
 All flesshe to hime ys subjecte sure;
 Deth doth the wyckede still prevente,
 When synne and vice the moste in ure;
 And doth therin them overthrowe;
 Breakyng of them bothe arme and bowe.

But unto thos that lyvith well,
 And trewly doth the ryght way kepe,
 Deth can nought do, the truthe to tell,
 But only brynge them in a slype;
 Such nede not fear the sting of hime,
 Lock he on them never so gryme.

Deth unto them advauntage ys,
 That ready doth them selvis prepare;
 Deth cannot cum to suche amys
 Which justly doth God love and feare;
 For Crist of deth hath brook the stinge,
 That he all soch cane hurte no thyng.

Cryst throrowe deth bought mans soll helthe;
 Crist dyd with poware deth overcum;
 Cryst throrowe deth dyd wyne the welthe
 Of his just flock, both all and sune.
 God mak us, therfor, readye all,
 That we may say when deth cum shall,

Wellcum, sweat deth, with hart and mynde,
 Thow art my passage unto lyffe;
 I thank the that thow art so kynde
 To ryde me nowe from mondayn stryffe;
 Wherby I may obtayne the blys,
 Wher no thinge els but all joye ys.

Finis, Sponer.

XXXII.

Consideryng Godes mercye greate,
 Revelyde ofte unto mankynde,
 Sumwhat therof for to intreate
 Dewtye dothe me infors and bynde,
 And joyefully our voice to rays,
 Godes name for his mercy to preas.

Firste, when we wear for synne rejecte
 Frome Godes presence, favore, and face,
 God of his mercy hade resspecte,
 And him agayn callyd to grace;
 Wherby we have just cawse allways
 The Lord for his mercy to prayce.

No creatur on the mold doth move
 So full of synne and wracchyde mys,
 But God, of his merci and love,
 May clearly pardone hime ye wyse;
 Wherfor let us all our lyffe days
 Godes name for his highe mercy prays.

The skriptur doth to us unfolde
 Godes mercy showyde in every age,
 As unto all our fathars olde,
 Presarvyng theme frome thrall servage;
 And hallpe theme still at all assays,
 That the his name myght lawde and prayce.

Exsample of this thing we have
 By Davyd and Manasses playne,
 Of whome our Lorde the synnes forgave,
 With Saull and Mary Magdaleyne;
 And many othar such lyk strays,
 Which after dyd exsalte his prayce.

Who ever trustyde in the Lorde,
 That ever dyd his mercy wannte?
 Or who hathe stokene to his worde,
 But fownd his ayd most abowndante?
 Let us therfor, withowt deleays,
 Godes name for his highe mercy prays.

Godes mercy uppone Ysseraell
 No tonge ys able to expres,
 For when the dyd in thralldome dwell,
 He holpe theme owt off all dystres,
 And set them at most quyat stayes,
 That the his name myght lawde and prays.

Danyell within the lyons denne
 Gode kepte from tyne and mortall wrake;
 And Susane frome the wickede men,
 Evene for his truth and mercyes sak;
 With many mor in lyk afrays,
 Which for his mercy gave hime prays.

He savyd well the chelldrene thre
 Within the hote and fyrye flame;
Merdocheus frome the gallowe tre,
 Which Aman mad for hime by name;
All thes no dowt, as the texte says,
Godes name for his mercy dyd prays.

To speak of Noy, or fethfull Lot,
 I shall not nede this presente tyme;
God shewyde mercy to them, I wot,
 Becaus the ware not culpe of cryme;
He savyd them from great decays,
That the his nam myght lawde and prays.

He hade not sent hes sone to dye
 To bryng use to eternall lyffe,
But only for his great mercye,
 Which was and ys in him so ryffe;
Namly to thos that walk his ways,
And for his mercy gyve hime prays.

O man, thoughe thowe be at the brynke
 Of hell be synne in carfull cace,
Yete in disspayre do not synk,
 But look unto the mownte off grace;
Wher God for the mercy up lays,
Whos name for ever let us prays.

Finis, quoth Sponer.

XXXIII.

Awak, rygh men, for shame, and here
The powars owtery and playnte,
Let mercy ons in youe apear,
So eays them of ther streante.

Why be youre harttes so stony harde?
Why stope youe so your years?
Why do youe not ther cry regarde
Which shede so many tears?

Here youe not howe the call and crave?
Here youe not howe the cry?
Howe can youe think mercy to have,
Which them therof deny?

Yf in your harttes wer any grace,
Or pyttye you posseste,
Youe wold not torn from them your face
Which are so sor oppreste.

Such as wear wont almys to give,
Of almys nowe fell wante,
Be meannys of youe, I do belyve,
Which nedles mak such skante.

Thowsandes have famisshide for food,
And thowsandes mor be lek;
Change nowe therfor your crewell moode,
And them to sucoure sek.

Thowsandes ar pyned to the bonys
With hongger, thirst, and cold;
And thowsandes in strong fettars gronnes
Yowe caus therof behold.

The fatharles and wydowe pore,
The syk, the sor, the lame,
Ly dyeng nowe at every dore,
And non but youe in blame.

For that that shuld be ther relyffe
Youe hold frome them away,
Unto your shame and endles greffe,
No dowt, another daye.

For that which shal be the rewarde
Of manuellars echone,
Ys dewe to youe, I am aferde,
As provith well sent John.

For manuellars he sayth the be
Which sees the por in nede,
And myght helpe ther necessitie,
But wyll not let theme spede.

Well, yf youe wyll note helpe by gyfte,
Nor with good conscience sell,
I se for youe none othar shyfte
But ons to burne in hell.

As doth the fygour of youe all,
Of whom sent Luke dothe wryghte,
Which wold not here por Lazarus call,
Wherfor hime selffe of ryghte

Dyd cry agayn, and not be harde;
And so lykwyys shall youe,
Whose harttes ar ten tymys mor upsparde
Then his, I dare avowe.

For wher as he dyd but refuse
The povertye to gyve,
Of ther owen goodes youe daly use,
Them falssly to depryve.

Wherfor I say, at ons repente,
And lerne to worke Godes wyll,
And helpe the nedy impotente,
Whiche be in poynte to spyll.

And know that what you gyve the pore
Youe lend unto the Lorde,
Which shall agayne sevenfold restore,
As skripture doth recorde.

But yf youe wyll not lend to hime,
Which all unto youe gave,
Youre lampes at last shall burne so dyme,
That youe no lyght shall have.

Wher the shall enter into reste,
With lammes most bryght and cleare,
Which have of mercy done ther beste
Cristes members for to chere.

For almys ys a lyght that dothe
Frome darknes kepe the soll;
As holy Tobé sayth for southe,
Whos wordes lern to uproll

Which wordes for trewe we may prove all,
 And most sartayne as crede,
 For Crist the mercifull shall call
 The blyse for to possede.

Contrarywyes the merciles
 Shall then apear in hell,
 Among the fendes in great distres
 Eternally to dwell.

Wher as such tormentes shall be felte
 As no tong can declare.
 Lerne now, therfor, your harttes to melte,
 Which stiffe and stony are.

And pray to God both day and nyght,
 Therto to gyve youe grace;
 Who graunt us in eternall lyght
 To se his glorious face.

Amen, quoth Henry Sponar.

XXXIV.

A grace befor dynner.

O God of Goddes and kynge of kynges,
 Whos rayne ys highe above
 Thowe lorde, of whom all lyvyng thinges
 Have ther beyng and move ;

The benyfyttes that we obtayne
 At thy handdes, Lorde, allways,
 Dothe us moste justlye nowe constrayne
 Thy holy name to prays.

Thow never lettyste them decaye
 That pute ther truste in the
 But doyste provyde for them allwaye
 Thos thynges that nedfull be.

Thy chosene flock of Isseraelle
 Thowe feddyste forttye years,
 Whyllys thate the dyde in dyssarte dwelle,
 The hade ther wholle desyars.

Thoughe the dyde neathare sowe nor plante,
 Thy grace was yete so goode,
 That the dyde nevere fele of wantte,
 But fownde sufficiente foode.

The ravens, ohe Lorde, thow dyddyste make
 Thy mynistars in dede,
 Bothe brede and flesshe with them to take
 Elyas for to feede.

The wydewes crewes of oyle and floware,
 In here small pychar pleane,
 Dyd not diseres, but by thy poware
 Here howsolde still sustayne.

Durynge the moste parte of the derthe
 She ever hade inoughe,
 Tyll Gode dyd sende abundance forthe
 Insewyng of the plowghe.

Gode fede Danyell wythein the denne
Among the lyons all;
And at on tyme fyve thowsande mene
With fyve lovys that wear small.

Yet dyd ther styll of them remayne,
When they hade eate and done,
More then ther was of all sartayne
Befor the fyrste begone.

We knowe, ohe Lorde, thyn arme and poware
To be as great this daye,
As yt was at that presente howre,
This cane no wyghte denaye.

Wherfor, good Lorde, showe styll thy myghte
Among us les and more,
And let us have bothe day and nyghte
Thy grace to be our stowre.

Our prayer shall allway be thus,
In derthe and eke in cheape,
That thou wylte styll thy grace to us
Accumylate and heape.

No yerthly food that ys of pythe
Lyk that I dare proteste,
For why thou sustaynyste therwythe
All creaturs moste and leste.

And seyng it ys sufficiente
Wheron to take repaste,
Grawnt it us, Lord omnypotente,
At all tymys for to taste.

So that we may lyve ever heare
Withowte all blot of blame,
And at the laste in heaven queare,
Synge prayes unto thy name. *Amen.*

XXXV.

A grace aftare dynnare.

O fathar deare, so opulente
Of grace, mercye, and myghte,
That thowe haste allway sufficiente
For us bothe day and nyghte.

We do acknowlege unto the,
O Lorde of Isseraelle,
That by thy gyftes off clemencye
We are suffysede well.

Make us gratfull, oh Lorde, therfore,
And ope our lyppys onely,
That we thy name for ever more
May lawde and magnyfye.

Exspell frome us oblyvione,
Whyche dothe corrupte the mynde,
That we may allway thinke uppone
Thy benyfyttes so kynde.

And that we may remember styll
Our poor bretherne also,
Beyng in nede at poynte to spyll,
For hongger, tene, and wo.

The ar, good Lorde, our flesshe and bonnys,
The truthe for to discus;
And thowe as dear dyd by them ons,
Even as thowe boughteste us.

Howebहितe, Lorde, thowe haste not delte
Suche plenttye to them sure;
Neythare have we suche hardnes felte,
As daly the indure.

Thowe colddyst have mad the pore to be
Most ryche uppone the moulde,
And the that ar of best degré
Most pore, yf thowe hade wolde.

For haddeste thowe made all men ryche,
Who shulde allmes have sowghte?
Or hade thowe made all pore alyche,
Who colde mercy have wroughte?

But thowe haste made sum most wellthé,
Some nedy for to crave,
That thowe myght se and knowe therby
What mercy men wyll have.

The gooddes that thow to us hast lente
Ys to this end, I knowe,
Uppone the pore and impotente
Them frely to bestowe.

We ar thy balyffys for a tyme,
 And hold all at thy wyll;
 And when we shall vade hence as slyme,
 We shall here leve them styll.

Lord, grawnte us grace therfor to use
 Those thynges bothe all and some,
 So that the do use nat confus
 Within the worlde to come.

Wher as we trust to se thy face,
 In glory for to shyne,
 And ever to posses a place
 In thy mancion devyne.

Amen, quoth Sponare.

XXXVI.

Our Jockye sale have our Jenny, hope I;
 Our Jocky sale have our Jenny;
 I am well able for to cry,
 Our Jocky sal have our Jenny.

This indars day, as I cane pas,
 I spyede besyde a spynny
 Jockye laykyng with a las,
 I hope it was our Jenny.

Ons or twys a wycke or mar
 I have farly the wyll note lynnne,
 I taykte on my sale, I hope full year
 Our Jocky sale have our Jennye.

Ther leakys of love the cannote lean,
 Nor yete neythinge denye,
 But Jenny of Jockye toakene hathe tayne
 Mar then ens or twye.

Mare then ens or tway, no dowte,
 Yf it be as I wynnye,
 I thinge it sal be brought abowte,
 That our Jocky sall have our Jennye.

A goodly belte abowte here Jocky dyd wrythe,
 Walde sarve a lady full fytlye;
 I have sene them alone full often sythe
 Smyland togethar full swettlye.

I merkyde yea thing, say Criste me save,
 Set forty at on meale,
 And I hawde xx^l, Jocky sal have
 The greatyste mes a keyle.

The greatiste disshe Jockye can gete
 Among all the meanye,
 To quarttes of porrage Jockye wyll eat,
 The whiche sale have our Jennye.

Jennye hathe a smyland cowntinance,
 Ever twynklande withe here i;
 He God it wald bryde great disspleasance,
 Yf her dame or syar shuld spye.

For Jenny commythe of the Tomsons in dede,
 Ho so wyll understande,
 I thinkte be an of the beste lede
 Even in all the nothe londe.

And Jockye commythe of the Hoodsons,
 Whilke never man dyd defyle;
 The hardiste and bawddiste blude that wonnes
 Within x. hondrithe myll.

But yf Jocky have Jeny till his wyffe,
 As the voice gangges every where;
 Leve Lord, ther be ney bat nor striffe,
 For then wyl be mickle skare.

Then wyl be muckle skare, perdye,
 Yf the tak parte in kynnye;
 Our Jocky sal have our Jenny, hope I,
 Our Jockye sal have our Jennye.

A tale I hard not lange agane,
 Whilke tale may nought be hydden;
 Jocky and Jenny, the say full plean,
 At the kyrk ther baynnis war bydden.

The ale was brewede uppon Monday;
 Whaye so wyll gange, sal se;
 And uppone Sonday cum Sonday
 This great weddyn sal be.

Nowe goys Jocky every whear,
 God knowes he takys no reste,
 To byd his gestis both fare and near
 To cum to the weddene feaste.

Nowe Jockys gestes ar geddryde togethare,
 And blyth as byrde on brear;
 And Jocky and Jenny, as lyght as fethar,
 To the kyrk ar commyn in fear.

Ther wear the weddyd on Cristis name,
And ich to othar made spowse;
When the hade done, agayn the cam hame,
To ther owen weddyn howse.

Then Jenny was at the table sete,
And all the gestes on a rowe;
Jocky cryede, bryng forthe meat,
And sarve bothe he and lowe.

What sal we set them beforne,
To Jocky thus dyde the crye;
Gyve them some sardar and sodden corne,
Tyll thear ballys stande awrye.

Of swynes flesshe ther was great plenttie,
Whilk ys a pleasant meate;
And garlyk, a sawce that ys full deyntye
For any that sall it eate.

Then Jocky, when dynner was done,
Begane hyme selffe to advance,
And sayd, "let the pypar pype up sone,
For, be our Lord, I wyll go dance."

* Jocky took Jenny faste be the hand;
Then the pypar lafte the trace;
He playd so myrly the cold not stand,
But the dansyd all apace.

The pyper pyppte tyll his bally grypte,
And the rowte began to revell;
With that lowde myrth he browth many forth,
Then upstart carll and kevel.

Dance.

"Now play us a horn pype," Jocky can say;
Then todle lowdle the pyper dyd playe.

Harry Sprig, Harry Spryg, Mawde my doughtare,
Thomas my sone, and Jone cum after.

Wylkyn and Malkyn and Marryon be nam,
Lettes all kepe the strock in the peane of shame.

Torn abowt, Robyn; let Bese stand asyde;
"Now smyt up, mynstrell," the women cryde.

The pyper playd with his fynggars and thommes;
Play thick and short, mynstrell; my mothar commis.

"I wyll dance," said on, "and I for the wars;
Dance we, dance we, dance we!"

"Heighe!" quoth Hogkyne, "gyrd byth ars,
Lettes dance all for companye."

"Halfe torne, Jone, haffe nowe, Jocke!
Well dansyde, be sent Denny!
And he that breakys the firste strocke,
Sall gyve the pypar a pennye.

In with fut, Robsone! owt with fut, Byllynge!
Here wyll be good daunsyng belyve;
Daunsyng hath cost me forty good shyllynge,
Ye forti shillynge and fyve.

Torn rownde, Robyne ! kepe trace, Wylkyne !
 Mak churchye pege behynde ;"
 " Set fut to fut a pas," quod Pylkyne ;
 " Abowt with howghe let us wynde."

" No, Tybe, war, Tom well," sayd Cate ;
 " Kepe in, Sandar, hold owte, Syme.
 Nowe, Gaff, hear gome abowt me mat ;
 Nyccoll, well dansyde and tryme."

" A gambold," quod Jocky, " stande asyde ;
 Let ylke man play his parte.
 Mak rom, my mastars ; stand mor wyde ;
 I pray youe with all my harte."

Hear ys for me wightly whipte,
 And it wear even for the nons ;
 Now for the lyghtly skypte,
 Well staggeryde on the stonnys.

" Be sweat sent Tandrowe, I am weary," quoth Jennye,
 " Good pypar, holde thy peace ;
 And thaw salt have thy bryddys penny."
 Then the pyper began to seas.

I swar be God, twyxt this and France,
 Ye sal all undarstande,
 Ther was not sene syck anothar dance,
 I trowe, in all the nothe lande.

In all the nouthe land, my Jocky,
 As it pleanty doth apear,
 Was not syk anothar weddyne
 This fyve and forty year.

Finys, quothe Wallys.

XXXVII.

Wanderyng on my way, as I was wont for to wende,
 In a mornyng of May, myrthes gan I mynge;
 In the dawninge off the daye, when the dewes gan dyssend,
 In Awrora when Flore gan spreide and sprynge,
 The dear in they dales champpinans gan chace;
 The bryddis sat synggyng this song with lawdacion,
 Sayng, good ordar ys ever in that place,
 Wher as honore ys hade in highe estimacion.

I stentyde of my steven, and stooode stone styll,
 Undarnethe the holttes, this armonie to heare;
 Hit sowndyde so of sapience that wytt was in wyll,
 In the wooddes by they watars as I nighede me near.
 The honters ther hornes to ther hownddes blewe bace,
 Ther voicis in the valleys was cause off consolacion;
 Saynge, good ordare ys ever in that place,
 Wher as honor ys hade in highe estimacion.

Then buskyde I me backwarde, and tornyde to a tre;
 I was mynddede to the mowntaynes with a mylde moode;
 The lovelyste lady in my syghte ther dyd I se
 That ever bar body of bone and off bloode.
 I was ravishede owt of reason with her fragraunt face,
 She talkyde so tretablye with curtes comunicacion,
 Saynge, good ordare ys ever in that place
 Wher as honor ys hade in highe estimacion.

Withe obedience dyd I bowe, and begayne hir to obay,
 Sayng, "Oh, meydame, I have mervell owt of measure
 Of yondare byrddes on the braunchis." "A! sir," dyde she say,
 "Wondare off no workkes that ys apoyntyde for plesur;
 Walke and seecke worshipec, let no bewtye youe inbrace,
 Tyll youe cum to yondare castell off a fear fowndacion;
 For good ordare ys never owt off that place,
 Honor ys ther hade in so highe estimacion.

Quallitie and connyng, with labore and dyligence,
 Shal be your gyddes tyll youe cum unto the gayte.
 Say ye wear sent thethar be lady intellygence,
 To the superiorytie in ther ryall estate.
 Umanitie and pyttye ar the portars namys;
 Gret them well bothe with this salutation,
 For goode ordare over all that howce infflames,
 Honowre ys there hade in so highe estimacion.

Ryghtwyssnes ys stewarde of that noble howcholde,
 And truthe ys treasore bothe be day and be nyghte;
 Disscession contolare, off this youe may be bolde;
 And umylytye ys secretarye, that discriittlye dothe wryghte;
 Reason bearithe rull, and ys the marshalle;
 Of the usshares befor I have made relacion;
 Good ordare ys in that place unyversall,
 Honowre ys ther hade in so highe estymacion.

Abundance ys the seware, marke my saynge well;
 Clenlynes ys carvare, hite requerithe so off nede;
 Gladnes ys cupe-bearore, the truthe for to tell;
 And mercy ys allmenare, and gyvis allmys-dede;
 Pleasance ys the kychene clarke allwaye;
 Plentye ys catare, and off good conversacion;
 Good ordar ys ever in that place, I saye,
 Wher honor ys hade in highe estimacion.

Honesti ys coocke, that dylygentlye dothe indevare,
 To dres all dylycattes that the purvear dothe provyde;
 Purviaunce ys with pleasance, the kychen clarke ever,
 So that nothing ther wantithe convenient any tyde.
 Allway redines ys ther when the call
 For mele, bankkyt, or othar recreation;
 Good ordar ys in that place over all,
 Wher honore ys hade in highe estimacion.

Then ys the pantere prengnaunte and personable;
 Largenes ys pursbearare, covetousnes to hyde;
 Sobarnes ys butlare, a man allway stable;
 And measure ys harbyngger, when nobelytie doth ryde.
 Wysdome ys cheeffe off the hye cownesell,
 Where myght ys movyde to miseracion;
 They can no good ordar frome thence expell,
 Honowre ys ther hade in so highe estimacion.

Loocke thowe aquynt thy selffe with awdacie,
 To speak to nobilitie in thy caus with dyligence;
 When qualitie and connyng ar befor capacitie,
 He wyll knowe thowe commste frome lady intellygence.
 Then wyll goode favour in thy caus be pleane,
 Into favowre shalte thowe cum withowt any negacion;
 For good ordar ever in that place doth remean,
 Wher honore ys hade in highe estimacion.

When thowe art in sarvis, then ther wyl be mannye
 Cum to supplant the, but looke thowe be ware;
 Let good governance allway kepe the companye,
 Or els disdayne wyll do the moche skare;
 And Pytar Pycke-thanke he wyll not spare
 To curry favour, aftar his fanyde facion;
 But thes ar not alowde in non offis there.
 Wher honor ys hade in highe estimacion.

When thowe requeariste wagis or any ramente,
 Let not dewtye demawnde it withowte umanitie;
 Look that desarvyng bear wytnes of thy pamente,
 Or els the wyll reaken thowe haste lyttell urbanity.
 Be war off affendaunte, for drede of correccion,
 Or pryvye hate wyll be thy confutacion;
 For good ordar ys ever in the eleccion,
 Whear honor ys hade in highe estimacion.

To sobarnes the buttlare every mornynge resorte,
 For a droughte of pacience nexte thy hart loock thowe;
 Honesty the coocke wyll gyve the a dishe off good reporte;
 With thes towe officars acqynte thy selffe withall.
 Nowe looke thowe depart to yondare pallys principall,
 Wher lorddes and ladyes have rull and dominacion;
 As provyde pearres pyrrarmiall,
 Wher honor ys hade in highe estimacion.

Then departyed I, with great humilitie,
 From that fear lady amonge the levis small.
 "I warne the," sayd she, "shewe this to nobilitie,
 Howe lady intellygence tolde the this tale."
 So forthe I passyde ovare hill and dall,
 Tyll I came to that pryncce abitacion;
 Then every offisare gave me in haele,
 That I shulde se howe honowre was hade in estimacion.

Withe that one callyde me with a voice exstreme,
 Sayng, "awake, in phantacies thow art very ryffe!"
 "Good Lorde," sayd I, "thinke youe that I dreame,
 I was never so joyefull in all my lyffe."
 Yet markyde I the trebble, the teannar, and the bace,
 Howe the byrddes sat synggyng with great delectacion;
 Sayng, good ordare ys ever in that place
 Whear honowre ys hade in highe estimacion.

Fynis, quod John Wallys.

XXXVIII.

Good awdience, harken to me in this cace,
 For I intend neathar to glose nor ly;
 As I passyd by a sartayn place,
 Sodenly I harde a woman crye:
 "Alas!" she sayd, "undone am I!
 My hosband lyes sycke, therfor I rewe;
 Yf itt be so that my husband dye,
 I wat not wher for to have a newe.

I knowe not wher, so Criste save me;
 Owte! alas! that ever I was born!
 Yf he be gone, no man wyll have me,
 I am a woman that ys halffē forlorne;
 Consideryng the years of my youthe be worn,
 No man to me wyll tayk a vewe.
 Yf that my husband dy me beforne,
 Good Lorde, wher shall I have a newe?

Now am I brought into byttar bande."
 "Gossype," sayde here neabore, "and why?"
 "Howe shall I do for a newe husbände,
 Yf it be so that myn olde do dye?
 Gode knowithe, strangelye he dothe ly;
 Now my bale begynnis to brewe,
 Yf itt be so that my husband dye,
 God knowes wher I shall have a newe."

"Be not so sade, be rulyde be me;
I wold tayk no thought and he war my brothar."

"I have a good caus, gossype," sayd she,
"For I knowe not wher to have anohtar.

And yf he dy, be Goddes mothar,
Ytt ys not a womans part to shewe,
And thoughe I shuld, I do not knowe whothar
Shortly to go and chaunce off a newe.

Jenttle gossype, I youe pray,
Telle me part of your mynd even now;e;
I am but a browne woman to say,
Think youe that any man wyll me owe?"

"Yea," sayd the othar, "I mayk Gode a vowe,
Your face ys fear and of a good hewe;
Ther ys no honeste man, but he wyll youe alowe,
I warrant youe shortly to have a newe."

"Gossype, youe knowe my mynd a parte,
I byde muche payne, so Gode me save;
My cummynge to youe was to break my harte,
Yf my husbande dy and be layd in his grave,
Then yf I chance to lyght on a knave
Which wyll beat me both blacke and blewe;
He may fortune spende all that I have,
Then hade I bene as good to be withowt a newe.

"As for that, gossipe, tayk no ruthe,
Loke that youe stand in no manner of feare;
Go to your husband, and se howe he dothe,
And as he hath desarzyd, so mak hime cher."

"Gossipe," sayd she, "be our lady deare,
He wyll eat no meat, full sor I rewe;
Small ys the tym he wyll tarry here,
God knowes wher I shall have a newe."

"Husbande, wyll youe eat an alberré?"
 "Ye woman," sayd he, "harteley I youe praye."
 "Nowe Gode mak thy soll in heaven myrrye!
 For the body hear hath lyttell jeye.
 Wyll your stomak stand to no thing, I saye?
 Alas! good husband, what bale do you brewe
 To me your trewe wyff, yf youe this go away?
 God knowes wher I shall have a newe.

Goode Lorde, bryng the owt of thy payn!
 Husbande, wylte thoue eate anything, tell me?"
 "Ye, womane," sayd he, "God knowith full fayn."
 "A good sole haste thoue to Gode," sayde she;
 "Wylt thoue eat nothing? woys me for the!
 An honnestar man I nevar knewe,
 I thought ever suche a thing wold be.
 Good Lorde, wher shall I have a newe?"

Thus muche sorrowe in her hart dyde synke,
 To hear her husband mayk suche mone;
 Yet colde he get neathar meat nor drinke,
 But for want of succer full sor dyd grone.
 Ther she laft him all alone,
 Tyll suche tyme as deth did insewe;
 Then cald she her neabors everychone,
 Sayng, "goode Lorde, wher shall I have a newe?

My husbande is dede, that owt, alas!
 Nowe am I a wyddowe, and halffe forlore;
 I thought ever this thing wold cum to pas,
 I have wept so muche I cane weepe no mor.
 Hit cannot preveale to cry nor rore,
 When I cum to the churche and syttes in my pewe;
 Yf I have then no wepyng in store,
 It wyl be xx^{ti} year, gossipe, or I have a newe."

"As for that, gossipe, tayk youe no dowte;
 I shall tell youe all the gyes;
 Youe shall an onion lafte in a clowte,
 And that wyll mayk wattar ron owt of yore yes;
 Then every body that that in youe spyes,
 Wyll think youe be a lovar trew;
 The contrary no man wyll surmyes;
 I warrant youe shortly have a newe."

"Gossype," sayd she, "be sweat sent An,
 I bode mor pean then all folkes wyste;
 He was but a weak complexionde man,
 The thing that I longgede for oft tymys I myste.
 Ther ys non of them all, say what the lyste,
 Good gossipe, can this pang eschewe;
 That that God wyll have I cannot resiste;
 I besече Jhesu, send me a newe."

Good Lord, what payn do thes women byde!
 What sorrowe do the tayk at ther harte!
 What dolore doth to thes women betyde,
 That for ther husbandes byde suche smarte!
 Ther panys no man can revarte;
 Youe, men, youe never came wher yt grewe.
 The thought that the tayk when ther husbandes depart,
 Ys to knowe wher the shall have a newe."

In this world be non so kynde peple,
 As be sum women, when love doth awayk;
 The wyll drowne them selves in the tope of the steple,
 For the deth of her husbandes and for love sayk.
 For wher a woman lovis heare mayke,
 This tale commenly ys provyde trewe,
 The greatyste sorrowe that the do tayke,
 Ys to knowe wher the shall have a new.

Finis, quod J. Wallys.

XXXIX.

In a sartayn place apoyntyde for pleasur,
 Wher I was present, as it shall apear,
 A meden was mornynge, blamyng all treasur,
 Yt pyttyede my hart here for to heare;
 Sayng to her selffe, " I have so great wronge,
 The kepe me in sarvis, but lyttell I wyne;
 For I have bene a meaden so longe,
 That my tyme wyll be paste or I shall begynne.

Bothe day and nyght it ys in my mynde,
 To jebarde ethar to mare ore make;
 Was I not ordanyde be cors off kynde
 To do as my mothar dyde for my sayke?
 I wold fayne venttar sum tym amonge,
 But iche ame the fearfullyste of all my kyne;
 For I have bene a meadene so long,
 That my tyme wyll be paste or I shall begynne.

Now shall I ventar withe hime that I love;
 Good Robyne Brucke-holl, wold God thowe wear hear!
 Thowe haste my harte all othar above,
 And yet I dar not fullfyll thy desyare.
 A very fooll I am, to to byde in this thronge;
 Yet my hart wyll not sarve me to do synne;
 For I have byne a meade so longe,
 That my tyme wyll be past or I shall begynne.

Robyns quallities lykys me so well,
 I muste nedys love hyme, thoughe he be my bale;
 He pleas at the foot ball, and rynges a bell,
 And whistels ant wear an nyghttyngegale.
 Hit makys me syng a sorrowfull songe;
 I cannot gete away be no crafte nor gynne;
 For I have ben a meaden so longe,
 That my tyme wyl be paste or I shal begynne.

Or I shal begynne to play the fondlynge,
 The world be cleane brought abowte;
 Yf I hade bynne in some bodyes handlynge,
 I shulde not have bynne so longe withowte.
 Whiche thing my hart full soar hathe stonge;
 Yete I desyre yt and cannote lyne,
 For I have byne a meaden so longe,
 That my tyme, etc.

When I syte in the felde my cowe mylkynge,
 I am as myrry as any wence can bye;
 I knowe as well when Robyn dothe rynges,
 As ife I wear ther in his compānye.
 When that I hear them chyme dynges donge,
 My hart is set on a myrry pyn;
 For I have byn a meaden so longe,
 That my tym wyl be paste or I shal begyn.

When the holyday commis, then ys yt my lote
 At the churche end to met him at the goode nale;
 We have whyte brede, ande goode ayle, and caykis be note,
 Theas mettes us Wyll Gregge and jentyll Jone Gale;
 A wonderous propar cowple, but the ar but yonge;
 I wolde Robyn and I wear as far forthe yn;
 For I have byne a meaden so longe,
 That my tym, etc.

The wolde have hade me to have marryede a cōwrt nall;
 But when I se him I was aferde;
 With ragges and jaggis his clothes wear cutt small;
 A great polde horsone with a long berde.
 He shall not have me and he wear never so stronge;
 But I wyll have a neabors childe, yf he be not of my kyn;
 For I have byne a meaden so long,
 That my tym, etc.

Myn owne hunnye, Robyn, I set him loose,
 To think uppone him it dothe me goode;
 When we mett at the merkyte, at the syne of the gose,
 Ther we drank the wyn as rede as any bloode;
 And wear glade we wer myrry, when we wear well apayde,
 Lorde, howe he coste me bothe cheak and chin!
 For I have byne so long a meade,
 That my tym wyl be paste, etc.

He gave me a gaye gyrdell lyk sylk and golde,
 Hit coste him ij^d, I knowe well that.
 Well, good Robyne, and thowe wolddeste be bolde,
 Thow myght perchance obtayn I wot whate.
 The love that betwyxte us to ys spronge,
 I trust in God shall never blyn;
 For I have byne a meaden so longe,
 That my tym wyl be paste or I shal begyn.

My fathar, my mothar, my mastar, nor my dam,
 Shall not let me, I shar by sent Tyve;
 When I remember our sporte and game,
 I wen Robyn be the maddist orchit on lyve;
 Once in his armys he dyd me fonge;
 I was as blythe as any wenche colde byn;
 For I have byn a meaden so longe,
 That my tym, etc.

Alas! good Robyn, why darst not speake?

Nowe thow myghtteste sped, and thow woldest be bolde.

Yt ys not a womans part the mattar to breake;

Why shall I lyve this tyll I be olde?

My body wastithe, my hart is clonge,

My face ys wryncklyde, and payle ys my skyn;

For I have ben a meaden so longe,

That my tym wyl, etc.

Ons he spayk, and I sayde him nay,

Lyk an horsone callote as ichecham;

Yf he spayk any mor to me, by my fay,

We may hape to play at the trym tram.

Nowe Gode of myght, whiche ys most stronge,

Graunt me grace good Robyn to wyn;

For I have byn a meaden so longe,

That my tym wyll be past or I shall begyn.

Finis, quod John Walles.

XL.

In an arber of honor, set full quadrant,

With quartars quayntly pleasantly pyght,

Amonge the gryn flowars freshe and fragrante,

A woman ther walking I sawe in my syght;

Pookyng and lokyng, as a wofull wyght,

And ever she sought, and she wyst not what;

At the last she fownde, and sayd it was that.

"In faythe," sayd she, "even that it ys,
 Whiche I have sought that I never lost;
 Nowe have I fownde that few women can mys,
 It comforttes full many and helpes the most."
 Thus styll she walkyde, makyng great bost,
 And ever she sought she wist not what;
 At the last she fownde, and sayde it was that.

Thus she sought lokyng on the grownde,
 And she wist not what, howe can this be?
 Howe shulde she knowe what thing she fownde?
 To say it was that, some thing it must ned be.
 To apply that to nothing, it wear marvell to me;
 Ever she sought, and she wist not what;
 At the last she fownde, and sayd it was that.

She fownde that she lackyd, but yet she ney wiste
 Howe nor when nor wher to obtayn.
 Nothing she lost, yet som thing she myste;
 And when she fownde yt, she was bothe glad and fayn.
 Yet here yt ys apearaunte plean,
 Som thing she sought, and she wist not what;
 At the last she fownd, and sayd it was that.

That what nowe ges all ye,
 She fonde in the garden, wher she dyd walke;
 A goodly erbe withe braunchis thre,
 The on was complete with a longe stalke;
 "Ha! ha!" sayd she thus in her talke,
 "Long have I sowght, but I wiste near what,
 And nowe have I fownde, and I knowe yt ys that.

Even that yt ys that I love beste
 Of all the earbes on the grownde dothe growe;
 Yt maykys a womans met to dygeste,
 Better then any thinge that I do knowe."
 Her mynde was movyde to looke on lowe,
 For ever she sought, but she wyst near what;
 At the last she fownd, and sayd yt was that.

Forthe on here ways then dyd she tayk,
 To ax the phicions what the dyd yt call.
 Then som sayd yt was a mandrayke;
 And sum sayde yt was erbe pulycall;
 Sum sayd yt wolde bothe stand and fall;
 That the that syke the wat near what,
 When the fynde yt, the may say yt ys that.

Sum sayd yt wolde all women pleyes;
 Sum sayd yt was what in the forthe degré;
 Sum sayd yt wolde helpe them of ther disseas,
 Yf yt wear mynistrede as yt shulde be;
 Sum sayd hit makys suche game and gle
 For them that seek the wat near what;
 When the fynde yt, the may say ytt ys that.

Sum sayd this erbe hade dyvars spyces,
 Of a contrarye vertu, yche on can tell.
 Sum sayd the sweatnes many women intycis
 To reseve so moche that ther ballys swell.
 Thus the phisicions at varience fell;
 For the thing she sought she wyste near what,
 And when, etc.

Some sayde the vertue of the shortteste was lest;
 Sum presyde the hardyste, and sum presyde the strongeste;
 Sum sayde the quyckest for a womans harttes reste;
 Sum sayde the greatiste, and som sayde the longgeste.
 Som sayde the oldeste was ever clonggeste;
 Ther the that secke the wat ner what,
 When the, etc.

Sum sayde the phisicke of hit was bace;
 Sum sayde it hathe byn usyde synce the worlde began;
 Sum sayd yt kepes myrthe in the place,
 Wher ytt ys mynystrede now and then;
 Sum sayde the colde not this matter skane;
 How she shulde sek she wyste near what,
 And when she fownde yt, etc.

Thus on phisicion at another dyde gruge,
 And wear vexsyde clean owt of measur.
 The principall matter non ther colde juge,
 Whiche in her sycknes dyde here greatyste pleasur.
 Then bade the every woman judge her own treysur;
 Yf that the seek the wat near what,
 When the fynde the best, let them say yt ys that.

And holde ye contente with thes grosse proverbes,
 Then I trust no man shall be offendyde;
 I have talkyde nothyng but off the vertues of erbes,
 Yf any thing be amys yt shall be amendyde.
 Her ys the conclusion, my purpas ys endyde;
 Yf any woman seek and she wat near what,
 When she fynddes the beste, let here say ytt ys that.

Fynys, quod Johan Walles.

XLI.

Yf love wear all lost for lacke of lybartye;
 Or pacience and peace expulsyde thrughe pryde,
 With all joye and jentylnes abjecte in jupertye,
 Hatyng good behavyour, all honesty to hyde;
 Good maners and meeknes or mercye wear defyede;
 Wysdome, womanhede, and all wear awrye;
 Grace clean forgotten, the grownde withowt gyde;
 Hit myght be fownde in women, ax them yf I ly.

Yff beatitude and bewtye from barrons wear banyshede,
 Conscience and clenlynes so coveryde clean,
 Severitie avacuate and from this vale vanishede,
 Or semlynes wear set asyde and not sene;
 Yf worshipec shulde waunte in this world, as I wene,
 Or credyble counsell convenyentelye;
 Good fassione or ffellyshype shulde foute so I meane,
 Yt myght be fownd in women, ax them yf I lye.

Yf faythe, frendshype, or favour shulde fayle,
 Charytye, chastytye off the cheafyste chewsyde,
 Sylence or sufferance full slyghtly to asseale,
 Or curtes customs wear cawsyde to be accusyde;
 Yf obedyence or bucsomnes wear blankkyde and abussyde,
 Good exsamps forsaken so synggularlye,
 And all feattes that wear fytlye from us shuld be refussyde,
 Ytt moughte be fownde in women, axe them yf I ly.

For women ar worthé to be worshippede every wher ;
 Ther lyves so lowlye loke youe howe the leade ;
 Ferce worddes nor fell to stryve the wyll not stear,
 Nor dowttes to do ther dewtyes so dylygent in dede.
 The never hat ther husbanddes, therof the tayk great hede ;
 But purposlye proseddes to pleace them the applye ;
 With fanynge, wythe flatteryng, nor with falsshed the them fede ;
 Youe shall not fynde me contrary, axe them yf I lye.

Synce my nativitie I never harde non so namyde,
 That with wynkys nor wythe wyllys wold give ther husbandes glose ;
 Nor showes no sharpe showttes, but as the wear ashamyde,
 The ar wrappyde all in womanhede, what so ever men disclose.
 The wyll dysplay no blynde spectacles on ther husbandes nose ;
 But ever trewe and trusty the them selvys trye.
 I prove all your frienddes, and non of them your foose ;
 Youe shall not fynd me contrary, axe them yf I lye.

The neathar pyn them nor trym them but for ther husbandes plesur ;
 Wher the ar bownd to obay, ther the bath them selves ;
 To kepe Goddes commaundement the think yt a great treasure ;
 The bande that Gode bynddythe to break the do not delyghte ;
 Phantasticall facions the put them all to flyghte ;
 Ther communynge concordes all unto curtesie ;
 No ffawte can be fownde any woman for to wyghte ;
 Youe shall not fynde me contrary, axe them yf I lye.

A woman was the firste in this world at owr begynninge ;
 A woman wrapte us or that we were wendynge ;
 A woman was the workare and way to our wynnyng ;
 A woman most lykly ys to be at owr last endynge ;
 A woman be ryght the price of our comprayhendynge ;
 A woman cannot be dysprasede, for whye ?
 A woman be hur meeknes bar the caus of our amending ;
 Youe shall not fynde me contrary, axe them yf I lye.

Withowt women we wear all but grysly gestes;
 Without women gone wear our worldye joye;
 Withowt women we wear as ivell as bestes;
 Without women this world wolde sone decaye;
 Without women full rude wear our araye;
 Withowt women full sone we shulde dye;
 Without women men in this world shuld wast away;
 Youe shall not fynd me contrary, ax them yf I ly.

Gode, the whyche all thinges dyd mayk
 At the begynnyng, be his dyvyne operacion,
 Sent downe his sone for mankynde sake,
 In a vyrgine to lyght for our consolacion,
 To redem us by his bytter passion;
 A woman was chosen most blessydlye,
 That her sonnes deth shulde be our salvacion;
 Youe shall not fynde me contrary, for this ys no lye.

Finis, quod J. W.

XLII.

When all men hathe spoken, and all men hathe sayde,
 And all dowltes be domeffede, and every dryfte drevene;
 When all men hathe fastyde, and all men hath prayde,
 And done all the dedys that any man cane neven;
 When all men ar charytable at every steven,
 And every man glade to amende ther lyves;
 I think ther ys no sorte commythe so nar to heven,
 Then thes men that ar pacient, and hathe shrowes to ther wyvys.

In the prayse of pacience Socrates dothe treate,
 And reproves all them that lyvis in stryffe;
 Saynge the pacient man with God ys full greate,
 And esspecially he that hathe a shrowe to his wyffe.
 All men that with hastye worddes ar so ryffe,
 Mark howe the do that with women stryves;
 Ther ys non commythe sonare to eternall lyffe,
 Then thes men that are pacient, and hathe shrowes to ther wyvys.

A pacient man must have worddes fewe,
 All thingges to suffar bothe in worde and in dede;
 For yf yt chance so that his wyff be a shrowe,
 Trust surly therto he shall have great mede
 Bothe of Gode and of wemen, yf he procede,
 To be dylygent to pleayse and tayke no great greves;
 Ther ys non that of heaven sonar shall spede,
 Then thes men that ar paciente, etc.

An hasty man, that ys fearce and full of fure,
 And wyl be revengyde on every jetter,
 Yf his wyff be a shrowe, he shal be ryght sure
 To forbear all othar women the bettare.
 For Socrates, so highelye sen in lettare
 Praysithe all them suche pacience diskryves;
 Ther ys nomans worddes sowndythe mor swetter
 Then thes men that ar pacient, etc.

A paciente man, ever this ys provyde,
 Yf his wyff be lowde, then ys he styll;
 No hasty worddes can mayk him once movyde,
 But he says as she says, be hit goode or yle.
 Lorde, howe glade he ys here mynde to fullfyll!
 He crowthis, he croppes, and to here mynd clevis;
 Ther ys non commithe sonare to ther owen wyll,
 Then thes men that ar pacient, and hathe shrowes, etc.

A pacient man neathar bostithe nor crackithe,
 But look, what his wyffe saythe, he says the same;
 He nothar dispraysith that she praysith, nor praysith that she lackithe,
 Nor tak that she refusithe, nor exskus that she doth blame;
 Nor ys not sade in here mirth, nor earnest in her game,
 Nor denyethe that she confyrmthe, what so ever she contryves;
 Ther ys non mor worthé to have worldly fame,
 Then thes men that ar paciente, etc.

All women presithe thes men full of pacience;
 A paciente man moste women wolde have;
 Thes men that ar paciente shall have celebracions,
 Among all men women doth them crave.
 Ever axsyng of Gode that he wold woosave
 To sende her an husbande whom pacience dryves;
 What ar the whom women least doth deprave?
 Men that ar pacient, and hathe shrowes to ther wyvis.

To a famylyar exsample nowe wyll I retorn;
 All thinges that flames, and ys as hote as fyre,
 The mor yt ys styrrede the mor yt wyll born;
 The nature of whote thinges no wysman wyll styare.
 Therfor pacience quenchis and pacifyethe yre;
 And wher yare ys pacifyede, the harte revyves;
 Ther ys non cummythe sonare to ther desyre,
 Then thes men that ar pacient, and hathe shrowes, etc.

How to be paciente fewe men doth knowe;
 Gyve year to my sayng, or yt ys worth a leke.
 When she speakys hey, then spayk thowe lowe;
 When her worddes be hastye, let thy worddes be meke;
 When she chydes or fyghttes, play thow bowe pke,
 Then mum and be dum, when she jobbars and jyves;
 These men of ther purpas be never to seke,
 That ar allway pacient, and hathe shrowes to ther wyves.

All men that hathe shrowes to ther wyves her ma lern
 Throwghe pacience to overcum bothe anger and dysdayn;
 And also yf he have the wyte to dyssarne,
 By pacience the love off all othar to obtayn.
 Of a paciente man moste women ar fayn,
 And especially shrowes that allways stryves;
 I consell youe that wyll in quyatnes remean,
 Allway be pacient that have shrowes to your wyves.

Finis, quod Johan Walles.

XLIII.

When the wyntar wynddys ar vanished away,
 Then the byttar blastes be ovar blowe,
 And folles synge in the summars daye,
 With flowars florissching on a rowe.
 I walkyde in a mornynge graye,
 Over hyllys and dalles lowe,
 I harde one speake of womens araye,
 Saynge many men doth nought I trowe;
 To jest of women yt doth not accorde,
 And much bale ofte tymes ytt brewithe;
 For all the falssehede in this worde
 Fyrst sprange owt of a womans trewth.

Men makys of women many a lyght songe,
 To ther impoverishment, both great and small;
 In ther caus to a[n]swear full sore I long,
 Praysyng ther namys, what ever befall.

Though som be wyckyde oft tymys amonge,
 Think then how many be goode withall;
 To confownde them all, yt wear great wronge;
 Mankynde ys freale and ever mor shall.
 Be this sayng it doth apear,
 Looke ye consent bothe age and youthe,
 That all the falsshede in the worlde hear
 Firste sprange owt of a womans trewth.

The ar trewe and trustye, war and wyce,
 Bothe meek, mercifull, and mylde of moode;
 Preste and pleane, prophitable of pryce,
 Joconde and jollye, jenttele and goode;
 Fresshe and fearare then the flowar delyce;
 Ruddye as the rose that on the branche dothe bude;
 And ther sayng as sur as the chance of dyce;
 Bayryng never to facis in on hoode.
 Ther truth makyth men to surmyse,
 For mor and mor yt styll renewithe;
 For all the falsshede that man can device
 First sprang owt of a womans trewth.

Men spekys of women ofte tymys amys,
 And saythe that the be fals at nede;
 Yf the sothe wear spoken to youe, be gys,
 Men ar mor falssare then the in dede.
 Yf men wear wowede as women ys,
 And falssly flatteryde with moche mede,
 Full sone yt shulde be syne I wys,
 Who beste colde speake, soneste shulde spede.
 For thes men most soneste wolde consente
 To them that so nowghtelye sewyethe;
 All the falsshede that man can invente
 Fyrste sprang owt of a womans trewth.

We nede no auctors here in this matter,
 The trewthe of women all shall declare;
 Sum dothe reporte that the wyll flatter,
 Marry, peace, for shame, and holde youe ther!
 The ar trewe and juste, youe do but clatter,
 And wolde gladly tayk them in som sknare;
 Yf the hade crafte, yt wolde son skatter,
 And yt shulde be persevyde every wheare,
 In felde and towne, with chylde and man,
 Whiche thing no creatur I se eschuethe;
 For all the falsshede that any tell can
 Fyrste sprang owt of a womans trewthe.

The trewthe of women all thinges dothe exsell;
 To speak of ther trewthe I am ryght fayne;
 Of all trustye creaturs the bear the bell,
 The ar so ladene with trewthe, yt puttes them to payn.
 All manner of falsshede they do expell,
 The ar not envyouys, nor infecte with dysdayn;
 Blessyde ar the that amonges them dothe dwell,
 For truthe with them ever styll dothe remean.
 Of ther truthe many men hathe musede,
 Yet with that the have Gode them induethe;
 For all the falsshede in this world that ys usyde
 Fyrste sprange owte of a womans trewthe.

In the trewthe of women yf ther wear dyssaye,
 To fortifye ytt the wolde not be bolde;
 Yff a pownde of ther trewthe myght be sold be wayte,
 iij. halffpence starlyng ytt wear worthe to be solde.
 Tayk truthe in ther love, and yt ys not straye,
 Nor geson to be gotten for golde;
 To cache them with truthe, that obskur bayte,
 Yt wear no mastré yff youe cold them holde,

And kepe them therin saffe and sownde,
 The whyllys that the snythere smuthe;
 Ther ys no falsshede that can be fownde
 But ytt sprange owt off a womans trewthe.

This expediment I wold youe shulde note;
 Yf a busshell of ther truthe wear taken and tryede,
 Ytt wolde fornisshe all Cocke Lorrels bote
 vij. years after, this cannote be denyede.
 All Sknoballys chydren hit settes aflote,
 For owt of that many thynges may be spyede.
 The trewt of women makys men to dote;
 Yf youe kepe ytt tyll hite be stall, ytt wyll not abyde;
 Nor youe may not bowe yt, for ytt wyll breake,
 The vertue of hit howe so aveywythe;
 For all the falsshede that men can of speak
 Furst sprange owt of a womans trewthe.

I have sene good auctors in bookys and in tables,
 Howe our holly fathars ther truthe hath disskuste;
 Look in the viij. chapter of Isopes fables,
 Howe blessyde sent Renolde saythe the ar fule juste.
 The ar asses and worthé to wear bables,
 That womens trewthe wyll throwe in the duste;
 But set them sowthfastnes in our syght with sables,
 To ther highe honor and prays we muste
 Exsalte ther trewthe and brynge ytt to pas,
 Or I hade as lyff youe sayde yt sknewythe.
 For all the falsshede that ever was
 Furste sprange owte off a womans trewthe.

The trewthe of women ys of that operacion,
 Beyt hit in powdar, and yt wyll ondowe loxes;
 Put therto an once of dissimulacion,
 And yt wyll break presons and open stockes.

To mayk any farthar declaracion,
 Yt preveallys no mor then to clym highe rockes;
 For gyve sum women never so highe lawdacion,
 He shall have evell wyll, or sum privie mockes.
 Of this matter to mak an ende,
 Magré of them that saythe qui fuithe;
 For all the falsshede that man can comprehend
 Fyrst sprang owt of a womans truthe.

Finis, quod Johan Walles.

XLIV.

I wolde no man wear anggré, but all women pleasyde;
 I wolde all men wér myrry, and no woman sade;
 I wolde all women hade reste, and no woman dissesyde;
 I wolde no man wear sorry, but all women glade;
 I wold all men wear good, and no women bade;
 I wolde no man shulde varry, but all women gre;
 I wold no woman lackyde, but I wold all men hade;
 And I wold no woman war thus, as many men be.

So gronttyng, so grownynge, so gaspyng, so gryme;
 So ferce, so fell, so ffemeshe, so flockyng;
 So daungerous, so doggyde, so dyvellyshe, so dyme;
 So crewell, so comberous, so crabbed, so cockyng;
 So jarryng, so gybynge, so jellious, so jockyng;
 So habberying, so hatfull, so hasty, so angré;
 So mischevous, so maugré, so mynddyde, so mockyng;
 I wold no woman wear this, as many men be.

So falsse, so folishe, so fonde, and so fyckle;
 So growce, so grevous, so gawyshe, so glaverynge;
 So bustious, so barratyng, so babblyng, so bryckle;
 So wyckede, so wylde, so wolvishe, so waverynge;
 So swart, so swellynge, so swynishe, so swaverynge;
 So pomppious, so prowde, so payntyde in pomperye;
 So quarrellynge, so questionyng, so in qualmes quaverynge;
 I wold no woman wear this, etc.

So ronishe, so rompyng, so ravenyng, so ryfflyng;
 So byttyng, so beastly, so brockishe, so brallyng;
 So towgh, so talkyng, so tatlyng, so tryfflyng;
 So skoffyng, so skornyng, so skowlyng, so skravlyng;
 So jumpperyng, so justlyng, so jaryng, so javlyng;
 So folttishe, so fowll, so infect, and so fyllthé;
 So wanderyng, so wastyng, so wrynklede, so wravlyng;
 I wold no woman wear this, etc.

So hackyng, so hurlyng, so hampperinge, so hynchynge;
 So luskishe, so lowttyng, so lurkyng, so lowryng;
 So prattyng, so pavishe, so peart, and so pyntchynge;
 So crackyng, so cowardlye, so katthyng, so cowryng;
 So snappishe, so snuffynge, so snatchyng, so snowryng;
 So slake, so sluttishe, so sluggishe, so sleppye;
 So rought, so rashe, so ralyng, so roryng;
 I would no women wear this, etc.

So noughttye, so nastye, so nedy, so nuselynge;
 So knappishe, so knavishe, so knurlyng, so knaryng;
 So gaddyng, so gappyng, so gullyng, so gusselyng;
 So swasshing, so swynkyng, so swyllyng, so swaryng;
 So styff, so stubborne, so stampperyng, so staryng;
 So waytyng, so wondarfull, so wycked, so wracchyldye;
 So bannyng, so bawlkyng, so bellowyng, so blaryng;
 I wold no woman wear this, etc.

So dubble, so drowsie, so dasyng, so dustie ;
 So plantyde, so pavlyde, so ponderyng, so pleanyng ;
 So raggyd, so rentt, so ruggyd, so rustye ;
 So druggyng, so dessperate, so dayling, so dysdanyng ;
 So histering, so humblie, so hanggré, so haynyng ;
 So sullen, so sowre, so symple, say ye ;
 And contrary-wyes, withowt any faynyng,
 I wold all men wear this, as most women be.

So just, so jocond, so jentle wytheall ;
 So meke, so myndede, so manerlie, so marciable ;
 So lovesome, so lykyng, so lauffull, so liberall ;
 So fethfull, so frutfull, so fryndly, so ffaverable ;
 So paciente, so pittiful, so pithé, so peceable ;
 So ffortunatt, so ffyggyrde, so fameda, so ffree ;
 So choyche, so cherisshyng, so chayst, and so charitable ;
 I wold all men wear this, as, etc.

So sobar, so sartayn, so secrete, so sade ;
 So semelye, so sufferinge, so savyng, so sure ;
 So gorgious, so gay, so gallante, so glade ;
 So pleasant, so prest, so parphyte, so pure ;
 So mek, so mynsyng, so meddenlye, so demure ;
 So godly, so gracious, so grownded to agre ;
 So handsume, so honeste, so egall, so in ure ;
 I wold all men wear this, etc.

So tyddye, so tendar, so trewe, and so trustye ;
 So bryght, so borlye, so bewtiffull, so abundaunte ;
 So lyth, so laykyng, so lyght, and so lustye ;
 So cumlye, so curtis, so curious, so constaunte ;
 So freshe, so florrisshyng, so fyne, so fragrant ;
 So bonner, so bucsome, so blusshyng in ble ;
 So playn, so plentifull, so prime, so pregaunte ;
 I wold all men wear this, as most women be.

So welthé, so worthé, nothar wanttan nor wylunge;
 So tyght, so tickle, so tam, so tricke;
 So smatterynge, so smale, so smothe, and so smylunge;
 So quaynte, so quate, so quyver, so quycke;
 So formede, so feyatte, so ffyttlye, so frycke;
 So mynnyeon, so meane, so made, mark me;
 So larnye, so lyvlye, so luckye, and leyke;
 I wold all men wear thus, as most women be.

So dylygente, so deffte, so decte, so durable;
 So sweyver, so swyfte, so swemyng, so swete;
 So content, so cordyall, so connyng, so curable;
 So marvelous, so movyng, so myrry, and mete;
 Sy spraryng, so spedfull, so speakyng in sprite;
 So sapiente, so synggulare, so syghtly to se;
 So blithe, so bydyng, so blessyde, so bete;
 I wold all men wear this, as most women be.

I wold nothyng hyde, but all thynges declare;
 I wold make an ende, that youe myght perseve me;
 I wold no woman wear as many men ar,
 But wolde all men were as most women be.
 I wold I hade that I have not, and then shuld youe se,
 I wolde do that I do not, for lake of opertunitie.
 Yf I myght, as I may not, and all throughe povertye,
 I wold that of discorde mak peace and unytye.

Finis, J. Walles.

XLV.

Allmyghtty God, uncreat and withowt measur,
 That be measur hathe made the mobilie by his myght,
 The altitude of the hevens, at his wyll and pleasur,
 Frome the depenes of the yerthe by measur standith pyght;
 By measur hathe he made all thinges hear in syght,
 Both of lenght and of breade, wherof we shuld not muse;
 All this world hath he wrought by measur as the wryght,
 Therfor measur ys a mean that every man shuld use.

By measur hathe he mayd the sone and the mon,
 Every constillacion and star in his degré;
 All the synes zodiacke by measur wear begone,
 By ther divyn movinges as southly we may se;
 Measur surmontithe all mervels that be.
 Measur makythe men to tak good ordar and advewse,
 Wher men that wanttes measur be set all on myserye;
 Therfor measur ys a mean that every man shuld use.

Measur ys a mean, and his propertie ys suche,
 Yf that he be usyde in his cors naturall,
 In anny kynde takyng to lyttell or to mucche,
 Ys cleane owt of measur, for measur ys egall.
 Measur presarvith both the great and small;
 He that hath no measur, no dowte cannot chuse,
 But cum into the danger of this worldly thrall;
 For measur ys a mean that every man shuld use.

Measur ys the orrygynall of thinges that doth remean,
 The exsaltyng off honore, to be usyd both tym and tyde;
 Ther ys no prynce in this worlde that can continewe or rayne,
 Excepte measur rull him and be hys grownde and gyde.
 What abondance hath any man in all this world so wyde,
 But for wante of measur he may ytt so abuse,
 That yt can cum to non effecte? this cannot be denyde.
 Therfor measur, etc.

For wher as ys no measur, ther ys moch maglyngnitie,
 Measur presarveth the mor then a thowsand folde;
 Ther ys no nobleman that can kepe his dyngnitie,
 Excepte measur effectually do govorn his howsolde;
 For wher as ys no measur ther prevealyth no golde.
 Youe have hard for want of measur many a man ruse,
 That throughe nede and nessessitie ther landes away have solde;
 Therfor measur ys a mean that every man shuld use.

From the higheeste estat unto the loweste degré,
 Measur must be usyde in his egall quallytye;
 Accordyng to ther lyvlowde, so let ther spendyng be,
 So that measur provock them to honest liberalitye,
 Not to be covetous, nor use no prodigalitye.
 For measur must govorn all them that escheuse
 The pyt of poverty and parrell of sensualitie;
 For measur ys, etc.

Let all men use measur, thoughe the do welthe attayne;
 For welthe tarris not ther wher as measur the wyll not obaye.
 So that anothar tym the ar dreven to tayk a greater payn,
 Or els approachis poverty, and bryngges them in decaye.
 Wher as ys no measur, we se this every daye,
 Not in on, but in all thinges, mucche bale ytt brewes;
 Have measur in your mynddes, therfor, as nighe as ever youe may,
 For measur, etc.

Tak measur in thy spendyng, and measur in thy sparynge;
 Tayk measur in thy travell, and measur in thy reste;
 Let measur be a continewall wede for thy wearynge;
 Measur must be usyde at every solem feaste.
 Of all pryncipall vertus measur ys the beaste;
 Ye, kepe thowe styll measur, for any flam flewsse;
 For wher as ys no measur commythe mony an unbydden gest;
 Therfor measur, etc.

Take measur in thy myrth, joye, and in thy gladnes;
 Tak measur in thy game, jestyng, and in thy sporte;
 Tak measur in thy pensivnes, sorrowe, and in thy sadnes;
 Tak measur in thy talking, among every resort.
 By measur we meat both the long and the short;
 By measur we knowe the sort that love doth yl use;
 Tak ever measur for a principall comfort;
 For measur, etc.

Tayk measur in thy studdy, and measur in thy dyate;
 Tayke measur in thy eatyng, and drynkyng therto;
 Tayk measur in thy wacchyng, and measur in thy ryat;
 Tak measur in thy labore, what so ever thou shalt do;
 Tak measur in thy slepyng, and wakyng also;
 Forsak thowe not measur for non othar newse;
 Measur in takyng or givyng to or fro;
 For measur ys a mean, etc.

In dam naturs workyng, for all her highe pleasur,
 Grosly spoken, but yet mark myne entente,
 Mor then her dewtye in dede owt of measur,
 Then weak ys thye corrage, thy tym ivell spent;
 Rustically rehersyde, cleane withowt avismente,
 Yet measur in all thingges I trust shall me excuse;
 Owt of measur exsalt not thy selffe verament;
 For measur ys a mean, etc.

Tayk hede to this measur, thow shalt find yt moste swettiste,
 What Crist sayth to the in his gossPELL plean;
 Look what measur to othar that thow meatiste,
 That measur shall be motten unto the agayn.
 The that have years, let them hear what I sayn,
 Crist speakith universallie, he doth non refuse,
 That all maner of men shuld be glad and fayn,
 What measur the wold have motten, that measur for to use.

Unto God wyll I pray, as my deutie requerithe,
 That we may kepe measur in all our usacion;
 And all the that the contrary desyrithe,
 Them to expel owt of the cristian congregacion.
 Cryst, that dyed, suffride payn and passion,
 And was cruelly crewcifyede among the crewell Jues,
 Grawnt us grace, with good conversacion,
 Amongeste all manner of men measur we may use.

Finis, quod Johan Walles.

XLVI.

O God, what a world ys this now to se!
 Ther ys no man content with his degré.
 I can cum in no company, be nyght nor be day,
 But all men lacke mony, me thinkes I her them say;
 Whiche thinges for to hear makys myn ears weary,
 For withowt mony men cannot be myrry.
 For wher the have no mony in store,
 Ytes tyme for the mynstrell to gete owt ath dore.

The day hathe ben I have ben myrry ande glade,
 And nowe to se the worlde yt makys me as sade;
 And why I am sade I shall mak declaracion,
 As well as I can, aftar a rude facion.
 For to tell youe the trewth now I wyll not lete,
 Be the occasion of a robbery I am fallen in greate dete;
 Whiche thing doth trobble my hede very sore,
 Hit hathe grevide me moche, but shall grive me no mor.
 After my robbery my memory was so decayde,
 That I colde neathar syng nore talke, my wyttes wer so dismayde;
 My awdacicie was gone, and all my myrry tawke.
 Ther ys sum hear have sene me as myrry as a hawke;
 But nowe I am so trublyde with phansis in my mynde,
 That I cannot play the myrry knave accordyng to my kynde.
 Yet to tak thought I perseve ys not the next waye,
 To bryng me owt of det, my creditors to paye.
 I may well say that I hade but ivell hape,
 For to losse above threscore pownde at a clape.
 The losse off my mony dyde not greve me so sore;
 But the talke off the pyple dyd greve me moch mor.
 Sum sayde I was not robde, I was but a lyeng knave;
 Yt was not possyble for a mynstrell so moch mony to have.
 In dede, to say the truthe, yt ys ryght well knowene
 That I never hade so moche mony off myn owene.
 But I hade frenddes in London whos namys I can declare,
 That at all tymys wolde lende me xx^{lds} worth off ware;
 And with sum agayn suche frendshipe I fownde,
 That the wold lend me in mony a nyn or tenne pownde.
 The occasion why I cam in dete I shall make relacion;
 My wyff in dede ys a sylke woman be her occupacion,
 And lysten clothe moste cheffly was here greatyste trayd,
 And at fearis and merkyytes she solde sale-war that she made,
 As sherttes, smockys, partlyttes, hede clothes, and othar thingges,
 As sylk threde, and eggynge, shurte banddes, and stringes.

At Lychfelde merkyte and Addarston good costumars she fownde;
 And also in Tamworth, wher I dwell, she took many a j^l.
 And in dede when I hade gett my mony togethar, my dettes to have payd,
 This sodden mischance on me dyd fall, yt cannote be denyde.
 I thought to have payde all my dettes, and to have set me cler,
 And then what yvell dyde ensewe ye shall hereafter hear.
 Becaus my carriage shulde be lyght, I put my mony ynto golde;
 And withowt company I ryde alone, thus was I folisshe bolde.
 I thought beth reason off my harpe no man wolde me sussepte;
 For minstre[l]s offit with mony the be not moche infecte.
 iiij. theves for me the lay in wayt not far from Donsmor heth, e,
 Wher many a man for las mony hathe ofte tymys cought his dethe;
 I skapyd wythe my lyffe, but in dede I lost my purs,
 And seyng yt was my chance, I thank God yt was no wors.
 For mony may be gotten, and lyff cannote be bought;
 Yet yf good consell had not ben, I hade kyld myselffe with thought,
 Hit grevyde me so sor, yt well nyghe kylde my harte,
 Becaus hit was my fortune to play so folisshe a parte.
 Ther ys an old proverbe, "had ye wyste commis ever to late";
 Thus throughe myn owene neclygence I am brought to por estate.
 After this my robbery, the truth as I youe tell,
 I tooke my hors and ryde home to Tamworth, wher I dwell.
 When I cam unto my wyffe, my sorrowe dyd increse,
 To se her mak suche lamentacion, I cold do no lesse.
 I sent toth balys off the towne in all the haste I myght,
 Desyrynge them to mak serche whoo lay yth towne that nyght.
 For the iiij. thevis that robde me playnly to me dyd say
 That I had one my bottes ready to ryd by ix. a clock that daye;
 And yt was seven a clock at nyght or ever I cam thethar;
 So uppone ther saynges thus moch I dyd gethare,
 That owt of Tamworth off me the had some prevye gyde,
 Which knewe off all my gold, and whiche way that I wold ryde.
 But hetharto, be no shifte that ever I cold make,
 I cold never prove what the war that my purs from me dyd take.

Therfor with my losses I must nedis be contente,
 For now yt ys to lat for me to repente.
 Ther ys no man lyvyng that in this world doth dwell,
 But mysfortune on him may fall, thoughe he gyd him never so well.
 Many a man hath ben ondon for speakyng of a worde,
 And som hath lost ther lyffe for the strock off a sworde;
 Som hathe ben ondon be the cassaltie off fyare;
 And sum both hors and man hath perishide in the myare;
 And sum throughe surtishipe hath brought them selvis in band;
 And sum throughe gamnyng hath lost both howsse and lande.
 I am not the first that hath hade an ofull daye;
 For sum be robde ath land, and sum be robde ath seaye;
 Sum be robde in ther howses, in placis wher the dwell,
 And sum hath bene robde in ther yns, as I have hard men tell:
 The chamberlayne or ostelare, when the have a bowgyt spyede,
 May gyve knowlege to fals knavis whiche way ther gest wyll ryde;
 And he him selffe wyll byd at hom, and his office styll aplye.
 Many a man thus hathe be robde, and so I think was I.
 Sum fals knave dyd me betray, and made my jorney knowene.
 Yt wold never have grevyd me so moch, yf the mony hade ben myn own;
 But nowe I am in det, whiche ys a dedly payne.
 I trust to God in this powar state I shall not long remean.
 I hade frendes yenowe tyll I fell in this thrall;
 But nowe in my povertie the be ron from me all;
 Exsepte yt be thos that be suar in the hafte,
 Whiche in all my nessessitie the never me lafte.
 My creditors, I thank Gode, it ys not unknowen,
 Hathe geven me reasonable days for to pay them ther owen;
 The whiche causithe me, as natur doth bynde,
 Ernestly to go abowte sum honeste meanes to fynde,
 That the may be payd, as reasone ys and skyll.
 Conciencie compels me to put to my goode wyll;
 And I have no othar mean, but even be supplycacion
 To beg hite abrowde among the congrigacion.

Truth oft tymys among sum may be blande,
 But I am sur and sartayne it can never be shamde;
 All men that lovis truthe owght to be commendyde,
 Allthoughe sum wickede persons therat be offendyde.
 I thank God, my good lord and mastar, whom I sarve,
 In my greatist povertie from me dyd never swarve;
 But dyd wryt for me frendly aftar a lovyng facion.
 And my lord Strang also on me dyde tak compassion.
 For whos sakys I thank Gode I have ben well regardyde,
 And among ther lovyng frenddes I have ben well rewardyde.
 Ther goodnes showyde to me I cannot worthely prayse,
 But I am det-bownden to pray for them all my lyff days.
 Throughe ther goodnes yff the worlde mend, I am in no disspar,
 But I shall pay all my dettes and set my selffe clear.
 The occasion off thes wars hath hindrede me very sor;
 But yet sum thing I have gotten, and I trust to get mor.
 My lovyng neabors off the towne off Tamworth, wher I dwell,
 Dyd lyberally rewarde me, this ys trewe that I youe tell;
 Which kyndnes off them hath ryght well provyde
 That among all my neabors I am well belovyde.
 For lyberally with me ther mony the dyd spende,
 And thos that came not them sels, ther mony the dyd sende.
 My neabors dyd caus me to mayk a pot off ale,
 And I thank God off his goodnes, I had very good sale.
 For a bushell off malt, I do put youe owt off dowte,
 I had fyv pownd off mony, or nyghe therabowte.
 How be hit, sum off my neabors therat wear offendyde,
 And sayd the mony myght moch better have ben spendyde.
 But the that so sayd them selvis wear at no coste,
 For yf the had, I perseve the wold have thought hit loste.
 But the worlde nowe adays ys so full off hat and spyte,
 That to speak yle off all thinges sum have a great delyte.
 But God I do thank him of his goodnes and grace,
 That senddes me good loock wher I cum in every place;

Yt ys God that senddes me so well for to spede,
 Which puttes ynt good mens mynddes to helpe me at my nede.
 Whom Gode wolde have holpen he shall never wantte,
 But he shall fynde relyff, thoughe thinges be never so skante.
 God save my good lorde, for whos sayke I fynd frenddes,
 That helppes me every whar, and thus my tall enddes;
 Desyryng youe all to bear this tayle in mynde,
 That I among your pursis nowe sum frendshipe may fynde.
 Every man a lyttell wold satisfye my nede,
 To helpe a poor man owt off dett, it ys a gracious dede.

Expliceth, quoth Rychard Sheale.

XLVII.

From a dissimilynge frende unjuste,
 From a sarvante dowtfull to truste,
 From a jentyllman that lovis to say ill,
 From a nyse wyfe that followithe her will,
 From a lord that hastely doth smyghte,
 And from a false juge that sellithe the ryghte,
 Good Lord defend us as from the dyvell;
 I cannote imagyn a mor daungerus evyll.

Finis, the autor unsertayn.

XLVIII.

Ser, for the good chear
That I have hade heare,
I gyve youe hartté thanks,
With bowyng off my shankes;
Desyrynge youe be petition,
To graunte me such commission,
Becaus my name ys Sheale,
That bothe at meat and meale
To youe I may resort
Sum tym, to my comforte.
For I perseve here
At all tymis ys goode chear,
Both ayle, wyne, and bear,
As hit doth now apeare.
I perseve withowt phable,
Ye kepe a good table;
Sum tym I wyll be your gest,
Or else I wear a beaste,
Knowyng yore mynd,
Yf I wolde not be so kynde,
Sum tym to tast your cuppe,
And with youe dyne and suppe.
I cane be content,
Yf it be owt off lente,
A pece off byffe to tayk,
My hunger to asslayke.
Both mutton and veile
Ys good for Rycharde Sheill;
Thoughe I look so grave,
I wear a veri knave,

Yf I wolde think skorne,
 Ethar even or morne,
 Beyng in honger,
 Off fresshe samon or kongger.
 I desyre youe allway
 Marke what I do saye;
 Allthoughe I be a ranger,
 To tayk me as no stranger.
 I am a yong begynner,
 And when I lak a dynner
 I can fynd in my hart
 With my frend to tayk parte
 Of such as God shall send,
 And thus I mak an ende.
 Now, farwell, good myn oste,
 I thank you for yor coste
 Untill another tyme.
 Thus do I ende my ryme.

Finis.

XLIX.

In Bocas an Guydo I rede and fynde,
 Thatt wemen of verrey nature and kynde
 Be subtyll and unstedfaste of mynde;
 But I wyll say nothinge.

If the trothe were well sought,
 Thoughhe somme be goode, moste parte be nought,
 The beste for mony may be boughte;
 But I wyll say nothinge.

Truste to them as to the wether,
 And trust sure of a hode or a fether,
 Or elles a horne, all goes togethar;
 But I wyll say nothings.

Of good, I trowe, there ys but fewe;
 Whoo ys so wyse as ys nowe a shrewe,
 That can make a rame of a selye pore ewe;
 But I wyll say nothings.

For somme weyrythe beydis, and shoithe to pray;
 Somme make hit straunge, and cannot say nay;
 All that be strekene, for shame may not bray;
 But I wyll say nothings.

Somme delytithe to be caulede an olde mayde,
 Thoughe she hase hade spawne and be twyse spayde,
 And be well trodden, yet not over hayde;
 But I wyll say nothings.

Somme ar smothe facede, and hase a softe lyppe;
 Somme a short hele, to torne with a tryppe,
 Redy to cowsse yf ye wyll lett slippe;
 But I wyll say nothings.

What thoughe there be some that hathe so doo,
 All cannot trede aryght ther shoo,
 In a thowsande I trowe not too;
 But I wyll say nothyng.

Of tounge lyke develles, in syght lyke seyntes,
 In speche of speykynge as the paynter payntes;
 To tell the extremyte my hart hit fayntes;
 Therfor I wyll say nothings.

Lowlye to loke one, and prowde without measur,
 To fynd one good hit were a greyt treasur;
 Hit askythe a goode geldynge and thre mounthes leasure;
 But I wyll say nothinge.

Of all compleccones be ware the salowe,
 That has whyt lyppes shynynge lyke talowe;
 As a doo sockene ye may hir hollowe;
 But I wyll say nothinge.

But all ye wemen that here this same,
 For sainge truthe ye may not me blame;
 Appeyre youe cannot, amende for shame;
 And then I wyll say nothinge.

Finis.

L.

That this great ware may stay,
 But nowe, be the way,
 I must make a digression,
 Accordyng to disscression.
 Wher the ryche men mayd a darthe,
 Gode hathe nowe blessyd the yerthe,
 The which hathe brought abondance forthe,
 To the pore mans relyffe,
 And the farmors gret gryffe.
 Yf it continewe longe,
 Well a day! wyll be ther songe.

Well, I hard off no harm,
 For no man cold get a farm
 Withowt a greyt fyne,
 Which makys them nowe to whyn,
 And ther bargins to repent,
 For the can skantly pay ther rent.
 The ryche, as trewe as crede,
 Made a darthe withowt nede;
 Therfor in veri dede,
 God hath payd them ther mede.
 But yet me thinkes I se
 The pore unthankfull be;
 Which thing doth yl agré,
 As hit apears to me.
 The ryche men still be harde,
 Ther devocion ys debarde;
 The por the nought regarde,
 I fear ther sollys be marde.
 Yt ys pittie yet to se,
 Howe the pore for hunger dye.

Finis.

LI.

Within in the northe contré
 Many noblemen ther be;
 Ye shall well understande,
 Ther ys the yerle off Westmorland,
 The quynes lyffteanant,
 A noble man and a valyante.

Then ther ys the yerle off Combarlande,
And the yerle off Northomberlande,
And ser Harry Persé his brothar,
As good a man as anothar;
He ys and hardy knyght,
And hath ofte put the Skottes to flyght.
Ther ys my lord Ivars, my lord Dacars,
With all ther partacars;
Noble men and stowte,
I do put youe owt off dowte.
Yf the Skottes ons looke owte,
The wyll rape them ath the sknowte;
For northarne men wyll fight,
Bothe be day and nyght,
Ther enymyes when as the hawk uppon ther pray.
Ther ys also ser Harry Leye,
Which dar both fight and fray,
Whether it be night or day,
I dare be bold to say,
He wyll not rone away;
He ys both hardy and fre.
Ther ys also ser Rychard Lye,
Which ys both war and wice,
And of polityk device.
All thes well I do knowe;
Yet ys ther many moo,
The which I cannot nam,
That be men of mickle fame.
God save the yerle off Shrowesbyrry!

Finis.

III.

Aryse and wak, for Cristis sake,
Aryse, I say agayn;
Awake, all ye that synfull be,
Awak, for fear of payn;
Amend your lyff, both man and wyff,
Whils youe have tym and sspace,
For God hath sent his punisshment,
Which shortly wyll tayk place.
Forsayk your synn that youe be in,
And do not God withstand;
I do not fayn, but tell youe plean,
His vengeance ys at hand.
Great pestilence ys not far hence,
As now apearith playn;
Great darth lykwyse must nedys aryse,
And put us to great payn.
Off plagges great stor we shall hav mor,
For God ys fully bent
Us to anoie, and clen distroie,
Yf we wyll not repente.
The breche off his lawse ys now the caws
That we shall feell his smarte;
Therfor repent incontinent
From the bottome of your hart.
God lokith still yf that ye wyll
Bewayle your wickednes,
And on your knys, with wepyng yes,
Your synfull lyves confes.

Yf Christes blod, shed on the rode,
 In youe have any plas,
 Your noughtté lyff, both man and wyff,
 Forsak whill youe have space.
 My brethren all, to youe I call
 For spedy amendment,
 For God doth stande with bow in hand,
 To shut all ready bente;
 His string shall slack, yf ye torn bake,
 And cum to him agayn.
 Therfor aryse, yf you be wyse,
 And avoyd this dredfull payn.
 Now call and cry for his mercy,
 Disdayn not for to crave
 With on acorde to Criste our lorde,
 And merci shall youe have.
 O lyvyng God, now stay thy rode,
 And vengeance do not take;
 We do the pray, both nyght and day,
 For Jhesu Cristes sayke,
 To the be prayse now and allways,
 And to thy holy nam;
 And so all ye that godly be,
 With lowd voice say the same.

Finis.

LIII.

Anno D. 1558.

Fyrst whan thou, nature, all thynges brought to pas,
 To everye yerbe and tre thou grauntedest vertu and terage,
 What did I offend, pore crabbe-tre, elas!
 Croked and deformed to be sett in everye heyge.

Not onely I am depraved of my shappe,
But nature also my frute hathe soo sowed,
That I am dysdaynied for myne unhappe,
And here set in the waye of beastes to be devoured.

Where other plesant trees beryng frute to abyde,
Wythe the olyffe, sypres, jenoper, or beye,
For my croked shapp in the heyge I me hyde,
My frute blowne downe and troden in the waye.

Croked I am, not fayre, large, nee streyght,
And ever excluded where other do remayne,
To beastes wylde most common fode and bayet,
I dysvигored tre, whom alle men do dysdayne.

The oryng, the lemon, they garnard alsoo,
The damson, the peyre, and eke the cherye rownde,
Endued be wythe vertu, so be other moo,
Only I am baroun, where as no goodnes dose abownd.

On me there hanges nother pleasant leafe ne barcke,
Nor frute also gretlye to be desyred,
Save mi croked knobes to sustayne age olde and starke,
My frute to make vergeous, and mi bodie to be fired.

Byrdes in me to brede they do me cleane refuse;
By the way I stande moste commonly on the playne;
Noo man of me ys glad, but soyche as cannot chuse,
When gredye hongar to eyte doth them constrayne.

Yff any man in an unhappye ower
Dose chaunce of my frute unwarelye to aseye,
With a frownyng fase on me dose he lower,
And in hastye rage and fume dose caste me weye.

Synce that to profett off nothing I serve,
 For myn unsaverye taste no man dose me desire;
 Myne unpleasant frute, even as hit dose dysserve,
 I bequeathe to the morter, and my body to the fyre.

Thus I, Jacke Sawse, do mayk my laste wyll,
 Pore crabe-tre I mean, be intarpretacione;
 When the tanner hathe grownde my frut in his myll,
 I bequethe my lyccore to the whole congregacion.

When my body ys dede and layd in grave,
 I desyr all cokis for me to praye;
 For in ther costodye my liccore the have,
 For to sarve ther torne both nyght and day.

Finis.

LIV.

Yff I durst, butt I dare nott for drede off dyspleysure,
 For drede off displeasur partly I wyll refrean;
 I wyll refrayne myne owne wyll, for ronnyng owt off meisur,
 For ronnyng owt off measur many hathe suffryd payn.
 Many hathe suffryde payne, and nott witheowt a caus whye,
 Not withowt a cause why I do judge be estimacion;
 I juge be estimacion, me think, yf I shuld dye,
 That on drope off good hoope avoydes dessperacion.

Yf I had grace to the space that God hathe sent me hear,
 Or lernyng to the dyssarnynge accordyng to the same,
 I wolde not fflatter in this matter, ytt pleantly shuld apeare,
 Thoughe mede for my dede were no worldly fame.
 Awdassitie, withowt capassitie, this matter cannot frame,
 No more then lenkthe, withowte strenght, may lyft a stronge fowdacion,
 Nor boldnes, withowt coldnes, to obtayne an honeste name;
 Yet on drope of good holpe avoides dessperacion.

To beholde every phantasie, I mervell in my mynde,
 To behold howe variable all worldly thinges be to accuse,
 And howe unstable ytt tornes, as dothe a blaste off wynde;
 To beholde the workes off wyckednes, ytt makis men to muse;
 To beholde every transposynge, the pyple cryes for newse;
 To beholde sum makys myrthe, and sum makys lamentacion;
 Ytt makys me halffe dysconsolate to behold all thinges the use;
 Yet on drope offe, etc.

To se the wonderous workes in this worlde that be wrought;
 To se the worlde wondare off thinges that be usyde;
 To se thinges usyde brought cleane to noughte;
 To se noughte off owghte, thought wold be refusyde;
 To se thought cougth by thinges that be abusyde;
 To se thinges bowght sowght for lawdacion;
 To se cowgth the ne wrought, full sor I musyde;
 Yet on drope, etc.

To se richis howe he gricchis, and pricchis for a penny;
 To se poor for soccore lowre at every bowre;
 To se payne remean, the compleane, and that mennye;
 To se wittie in every cittie put pittie from his dore;
 To se golde, faste in holde, trewely tolde every owre;
 To se ned fayne fede, and cannot spede off sustentacion;
 To se them pante, that dothe not wante, but makys skant with operrowre;
 Yet on drope, etc.

To se quicke men ly as dede men, and non off them sterres not;
 To se dede men waxe quicke, and fayne wold be awrokene;
 To se yes witheowt sight, and eares that hear note,
 And yete can dissarne every thing done and spokene;
 Thes quicke men have knowledge, thus ytt dothe betoken,
 And lyes dede as a dur nayle, and makis no relacion;
 Thes dede that waxe quicke ys yngnorance owt broken;
 Yet on drope off gode, etc.

But let the worlde worke, ffor they workes therin dothe showe,
 Thoughe sum be blynde, yet all wanttes not ther syghte;
 Thoughe sum be lame, yet many on cane go;
 Thoughe sum be deffe, yet sum wyll hear full lyghte;
 Thoughe sum be crippeles, yet sum have ther lymmys ryghte;
 Thoughe sum fayne, yet sum youe se the fethfulle facion;
 Thoughe som disdayne, yet sum with charitye ys dyghte;
 And on drope, etc.

Hite avoids dessperacione, I wyll tell youe howe;
 A connyng man hopis connyng wyl be regardyde;
 For lacke off intelligence, all cannote this alowe,
 And a goode sarvaunte hopes for to be well rewardyde;
 Froo many off thes thinges mens harttes be so hardyde,
 Ytt ys no poynte nowe off thear delectacion,
 When that aftar the sownde in ther years hathe reverberatyde;
 Yet on drope, etc.

Good hope goithe with comferte unto every degré,
 Furste to men off landes he treaddes them untyll,
 He whispars them in the year, and saythe, "cum, followe me;
 I hope in God," saythe he, "ons to have my wyll;
 Yf I myght by suche a purchace, then my car wolde kyll,
 I hope I shall obtayn ytt to my consolacion;
 Then wyll I kepe a good howse, and me hit to fullfyll."
 Thus on drope, etc.

"I hope," say the that favore Goddes worde in every towne,
 "To se the byble and the testament regardyde a lyttell more.
 "I hope," saythe the othar sorte, "to se them bothe layd downe;
 I hope even to live as our fathars hathe done before."
 This hope bringes every man unto deatthes dure,
 And says, "the tym ys cum off your mortifycacion."
 Thus all men lyves in hoope, that hope shuld them restor;
 For on drope, etc.

Thus he that hathe lyttell, hopes to have myche;
 And he that ys in sorrowe, hopes to cum to joie;
 And he that ys in povertye, hopes to be ryche;
 And he that ys in trobble, hopes ytt shall awaye.
 All men that be in dolowre hopes off a myrry daye;
 The that be in sicknes or have any vexasacion,
 Hopes to have helthe and be clean owt off decaye;
 Thus on drope, etc.

Nowe what that hoope ys, nowe off all to showe youe sum,
 Marke my sayng well, and youe shall fynd nothing mor treware;
 Hope ys a sur confidens off thinges that ys to cum,
 Hevenly or yerthly as your harttes ys set in ure.
 Therfor let us hope and truste in that we knowe ys sur,
 That ys the joyes off heaven, be the merittes off Cristes passion,
 Eternally to remayne whear all joye dothe indure;
 Tayk ever a drope off this hope, and hit avoiddes dessperacion.

Finis, quot Johan Wallis.

LV

Considerynge the great goodnes off Gode, full off myght,
 That mayd heaven and yerthe and all in six days;
 He mayd mane to his lycknes and simylytude in syght,
 To the natur off the elementtes, so Macracosme says;
 When off them abowndes or incresis anyways,
 Then ys the bodye off man off a ffeble dysposicion;
 Therfor Gode hathe ordayne comforte unto his glory and prays,
 That we shuld seeke to have remodye off sum good phisicione.

Gode hathe gyvyne us, off his abundaunte grace,
 Vertu in all erbbes to heale and to cure
 Mans corporall bodye in the interior place,
 And off worldly surgions to have it in ure.
 All that, I grawnnte youe, ys both juste and sure;
 God hathe ordanyde this for mannes tuicion;
 Owre corporall bodye to clense and make pure,
 We shulde seyke to have remodye off sum good phisicione.

All youe that seikys remodye your mortall lyvys to save,
 Take part offe my cownsell, leste youe be oversene,
 Provyd not remodye youre mortall bodyes to save,
 Your sollys beyng spottede, corrupte, and unclen.
 I drede ther be many in this world, I wen,
 So that the may avoyde bodyly perdycion,
 Passys not thoughe ther sollys be in tene,
 The syke not but for the worldly phisition.

Worldly phisicians at the lenght shall the fayle,
 Therfor God hath commandyde the firste off all
 To tayke thes medsons shall beste preveyle,
 For hevenly phisick to hyme thowe muste call,
 To have gostlye comforte for bodye and for soll;
 Thus many holy doctors hathe mayde exposicion,
 He mynnistrithe his mercy to the world over all,
 That seikythe to have remodye off the hevenly physicion.

When thow art dyssesyde or sycke at thyne harte
 With gostly sycknes, by worldly delectacion,
 Then lyfte up thy handdes, and do thy selffe revarte,
 That the hevenly phisicion on the may tak compasion,
 To mynistar a medsone for thy gostly consolacion;
 For yf thowe continewe styll in that condicion,
 Hit wyll brede a dysseys whiche is callyd dessperacion;
 That ys oncurable but for the hevenly phisition.

Therfor take hede hit do not the dyspleys,
 Be rulyde be my and thowe canste never myse;
 Looke in thy watar, and thowe shalte knowe thy dysses,
 This wattar that I men thyn owen consience ys.
 Serche thyne owene concience, remember well this,
 And ther shalte thowe se the roote off mallicion;
 Whote commythe offe thy selffe but wyckednes ye wis,
 Withowt mynnistringe off the hevenly phisition.

The great phisicion in the hevenly mancions
 Commaundythe the, whyleste thow hast tym and space,
 Thowe shuldyste locke in thy watar that ys callyd thy consience,
 And se howe hite standythe with the in every cace.
 And yff thowe be infecte, dyssesyde, or brought bace,
 To the heye master off phisyk make thowe counignicion,
 And aske of hime an earbe which ys callyde erbe grace;
 For thowe caneste not have yt, but on the hevenly phisicion.

And when this erbe grace wyll sown in thyne harte,
 Thus many holye docters that be mynnistars now saythe,
 A branche owt off him ther shall cum and starte
 Which bearith a floware, and that ys callyd faythe.
 This floware bryngith forthe a secd that many dysseys staith,
 Which ys callyde good workkes, that ys off great fruicion;
 And this worlde ys thc place wher man this sed leathe;
 And all this commis from our hevenly phisicion.

Grace ys a preparatyve for this purgacion,
 Our hard harttes to molyfye, hit cannote be refusyde;
 Though Criste hath purgyde us by the merittes of his passion,
 Yet, yf thowe want grace, thy deedis shal be accusyde.
 Look wher grace ys mynistrede, nothing ys ther abusyde;
 Lete no man presumme of Goddes highe promission,
 This erbe callyde vertuc continewallye muste be usyde;
 And all this we muste have off our hevenly phisicion.

There ys a parleus dysseys that ys callyde pryde,
 The root and begynner off all othar syknes;
 When thowe art dysseysyde with hyme at any tyde,
 Us to take an earbe ys callyde umble mecknes;
 To be jentyll and lowly yt ys a goodly lycknes.
 Take hede and be ware by this lyttell monicion;
 For fear yt be peanfull, and do abate thy quicknes,
 Sek to have remody off the hevenly phisicion.

For all gostly dysseys that in mans body bredys,
 Our hevenly phisicione hathe preparide this ordinance;
 Agenste covetusnes, compassion, and all mysdeddes;
 Agenste envye and wrathe use charitye and sufferaunce;
 Agenste slothe, buccines, labore, with attendaunce;
 For every sore a salve, and all to avoyd punicion;
 Agenste glotinye, measur, tyme, and temperaunce;
 And all this we muste have off our hevenly phisicion.

Agenste the fowll synne off lecherye, that doth man sor oppres,
 We muste prepare a medsone for him in lyk cace;
 Agenste flessly luste use chastitye and clennes;
 But thow canste not have this, excepte thow have erbe grace.
 Desyre firste off all that thowe mayste yt imbrace,
 To use from above yt commys, be Goddes permission;
 And all that dessyars this medysone to purchase
 Shall obtayne yt off the heavenly phisicion.

When we ar dyssesyde or sycke at any tyde,
 Marke howe glade and fayne we ar remodye to have;
 To the worldly phisicions we do both go and ryde,
 Moche more oughte we to be glade our sollys for to save.
 For heavenly phisyke in tym let use crave,
 So that in our concience be fownde no supersticion;
 For when we be deede, and ons layde in grave,
 Yt ys to lat to call the heavenly phisicion.

Therfor whyllyste that we here in this world doth remeane,
 Let use syk to have sum remody or deth uppone use steyle,
 For drede leste we be dreven to perpetuall payn,
 Becaus we seek for nothyng but to have worldly weyll.
 Our heavenly phisicion so favorable doth deyle,
 He byddes us wasshe our selves with the water off contricion;
 Then shall we dwell with him, and have everlastyng heile;
 Therfor honer, lawdes, and prysis be given to the heavenly phisicion.

Finis.

LVI.

An epithe off the dethe off the ryghte honorable lady Margrete countes off Darbé, which departyde this world the xixth day off January, and was buryede the xxiiith off Phebruary, in anno Domini 1558, on whosse soll God have mercye, Amen, quothé Rycharde Sheale.

O Latham, Latham ! thowe maste lamente, for thowe haste loste a floware,
 For Margret the countes of Darbé in the yerthe hathe bylte her bowar.
 Dethe, the messenger off Gode, on her hathe wrought his wyll,
 Whom all creaturs muste nedys obay, whethar the be good or ylle.
 Ther ys no emperowre, kyng, nor prince, his powar can withstande,
 But, when he commys, the muste obaye, no remedye can be fande.
 When this good ladye dyd perseve from hence she shulde departe,
 "Fare well, my good lorde and husbande," sayde she, "far well with all my hart,
 The noble yerle of Darbé, God kepe the bothe nyghte and daye !
 On syght of the I wolde I myght se or I wente hence awaye.
 Fache me the laste tokene," quothé she, "that he unto me sente;
 To kys hite nowe or I departe hite ys my wholl intente."
 Ther was many a wepyng ye thes lovyng worddes to heare;
 All those that stode here abowte the made full heavy cheare.
 "Far well, dowghetar Margrete," sayde she, "God grawnte youe of his grace,
 Be good unto your systar Cateryne, whylls youe have tyme and space.
 Goddes blessing I gyve youe hear, bothe nowe and evermore;
 Look ye sarve God bothe nyghte and daye, and be good unto the poware,
 And then I truste your noble fathar for youe he wyll provyde
 Suche thinges as shal be nessesary ate every tym and tyde.
 Far well, good lady Mary, and my lady Jane also,
 For now ther ys no remedye but I muste from youe go;

God have youe in his kepynge, and presarve youe nyght and day,
No remedy that I can se bute I muste from youe away.
Far well, my lovyng brothar Barlowe, my leve I tayk of the,
Wythe thes mortall yeys that I nowe bear no mor I shall youe se.
Commend me to my mothar, and all my othar ffrenddes,
I trust to se youe in the heavyns when all thinges have ther enddes.”
Moche mor ther was spoken, the whiche I over pas,
And rephar yt to the hearars that then present was,
That the may mayke reporte accordynge to the same,
And so declare the deddys wyll, or els the be to blame.
“ Fache me the goode Stanlay,” sayd she, “ in all the haste ye may,
That I may talke my mynde to hem or ever I go my waye.”
“ Whiche Stanlay wyll youe have, madam?” the sayd with on accorde.
“ Good ser Thomas Stanlay,” she sayde, “ that ys so lyke my lorde.”
A messynger therfor was may to fache that jentyll knyght;
But or he to Latham cam yt was abowt mydnyghte.
When that he sawe that she was dede, he wept and mad gret mone,
For he lovyde here well, and she lovyde him, all this ys ryght well knowen.
“ Far well, my jentillmen in jenerall, far well, my yemen ichone;
I may no lengger hear remean, but I muste from youe gone.
Far well, my jentyllwomen all, my leve of youe I take,
I am not able for your great penys amenddes now for to make.
I desyr youe all to pray for me whyllys I have lyf and brethe,
That I of heven may cleam my parte, be Cristis passion and dethe.”
Then callyde for the sacramente of Cristis body and blude;
To se the godly ende she mayde dyd many a manes hart goode.
“ Lord Gode,” quoth she, “ I comen my sprite into thy holy handes,
For thowe frome syne haste sete me fre, and broken all my bandes;
Be Cristis dethe and passione,” she sayd, “ I trust savyd to be.”
Then yeldyde she up the goste, and gave her selffe to dye.
Nowe ys this noble lady dede, whom all the world dyd love;
She never hurte man, woman, nor childe, I dar well say and prove;
She never hurte non off her men, in worde nor yete in dede,
But was glade allway for them to speake such tym as the had nede.

Latham allway bothe nyghte and day may morn and mak gret mon,
 For the losse of this lady dear, whosse vertus wear well knowene.
 The noble yerle off Darbé, I pray Gode save his lyffe,
 Hathe preparde a noble buryall for his moste lovyng wyffe.
 Full ryally he hathe broughte here hom, lyke a man of mickle fame,
 This noble countes of Darbé his wyffe, Margret was here nam.
 To Armeskyrke was her body brought, and ther was wrappyd in clay;
 Many was the wepyng ye that ther was sen that daye.
 Ther wear in blacke gownys mornars many on,
 And all here yemen in blacke cotes wear clothede everychon;
 Ther wear cot armors mad ryght fyn, with gold and sylver bright;
 To se them wayt uppone the corpes yt was a goodly syght.
 Ther was a standarde with bannars and flagges which was pleasant to beholde;
 All men rejosyde that syght to se to say I dar be bolde.
 Full honorable was she buryede, accordyng to her estate,
 And every man was sete in ordare after a semly rate;
 Ther wear both knyghttes and squyars, and jentillmen also,
 Both ladys and jentillwomen, and many othar mo.
 My lady Mary, God save her lyffe, was cheff mourner, that day;
 Full honorable she dyd her selffe behave, I dar be bold to say.
 My lord bisshope off Man at the buryall there was,
 In his ornamentes and mytar he sang a solem mas.
 The xix. day of January this good lady she dyd dye,
 And was buryede the xxiiijth of Phebruary, the truthe who lyst to try.
 Such a gorgious hers, I dar be bolde to say,
 Was never sen in Lonkeshyar befowar that present daye.
 For good consideracion ther was no commen doll,
 But on twesse after forty pownde was dalt for here soll,
 To the poor off viij. parissis next joynynge therabowte,
 Which was a very godly dede, I put youe owt a dowte.
 Nowe God have merci on here sole, I desyre youe all to pray,
 That she may stande on Cristes ryght hand at the latter day,
 When as the good shall go to blys, and the wyckyd forth to hell,
 Becaus the wolde not fle from syne whillys the in yerth dyd dwell.

For the that in this worlde lyve well can never dy amys,
 But God allway wyll them presarve and bring them to his blys,
 Which joye that we may all cum to, God graunt us of his grace,
 When that we shall wende hence away, in heaven to have a place.

Amen, quoth Rycharde Sheale.

LVII.

Slepyng in my bedde, even this othar nyghte,
 Whear I was layde throughe Morplius,
 A voice me awakayde and sum deyle afrighte,
 Of Davithe the prophete me semyde thus,
Quomodo bonus Isseraell, he sayde, *Deus*
 Unto all piple that nowe be and was,
 Howe be hit thowe seiste that the injurious
Qui obtinuerunte deviciase.

Exse peccatores, behold, sayde he,
 In every place whear thowe ryde or go
 The be mor estymede and mor set by
 Then be the othar with frend and foye;
 Musse not thearat, God sufferithe yt so,
 And wyllith his ffrenddes to be as he was,
 Content withe a littell, so wyll not thoo
Qui obtinuerunte devicias.

But blessyde be the poor, that content be
 With small sufficiente be truthe cum by;
 Abundances so namithe not he
 That gettes ther goodes be userye,
 And be such lyke othar poleci,
 His neabor disseving off that he has;
 And so iche owar with perjurye
Qui obtinuerunte devicias.

A wrach, a lorden, off linage bace,
 Crokyde, comberous, blear-yede, halt or lam,
 That carithe not howe his good that he has,
 So that he may cum by the sam,
 In towne and cittie ys callyde be nam
 A worshipfull man, and in suche cace
 After ther mynddes all mattars shall frame
Qui obtinuerunte devicias.

LVIII.

My fancie did I fix
 In faithfull forme and frame,
 In hope there should no bloustringe blast
 Have power to move the same;
 And as the godes do knowe and world can witnesse bere,
 I never served other saynt nor idole other where.

LIX.

To the tune of Lusty gallant.

I rede howe that the marbell stone
 Throwgholed ys by rany dropps,
 That oft dothe fall and drop thereon
 From lofty sydes of hyghe housetops.
 It ys not strengthe that hathe so wrawght,
 With water softe suche holes to make;
 The are the dropps that fall downe oft,
 Which force the stone a hole to take.

So ye, my teres and prayers, oft
May perce my loves most stony hart,
And make her love to be more soft
Unto her owene, that may not start.
What ! bytter teares ne my servyce,
Ne prayers sweete, may her love gayne;
Yet hart with them who joyned ys
May force her love for to obtayne.

Then marche yowe forthe, my souldiers stowte,
And lustely yower selves do rank,
Do yowe a rynge nowe cast abowt
The schylfuller to play yower prank.
My hart shall be yower captayne suer,
That shall yowe stand as stayed guyde,
For to downe raze the hiest tower
Of rampiers that ower force abyde.

Marche yowe, my eyse, the scowtes be ye,
For to dyscry her bytter band;
Yf ye perchaunce dyscovered be
Calyverynge her nere at hand,
Seek yow to gayne the mowntayns hyghe,
As may in neede yowe so defend,
As overthwart yower shot may flyghe
To her that ys my hunny frend.

Aryse, brave voyse, do thowe advaunce,
In trumpet wyse thy self owt sownd,
And courage geeve to spere and lawnce
Thy enmyse to shok to grownde.
If that desyre dyd ever geeve
Thee strengthe agaynst thyne enmy,
The foreward take the to relyve
Of thy most wofull mysery.

Let men under thy banners vewe
 In ordered rank thy prayers stand;
 Thy smoky syghs, thy paled hewe,
 The pallsey that doethe shake thy hand;
 Thy pynyng thawghts, thy carefull care,
 The langwor freshe, the gaspyng lyffe,
 The dyyng fyts that are not rare,
 With envy, hate, and dedly stryffe.

The mene battell I do assyghne
 To hope, armed with constancy;
 And sure stay, with trowpe devyne,
 The generall shall of horsmen be;
 He on the whynges of footemen shall
 Sure trowped be in myghty square,
 And faythfull truthe the coronall
 Of footmen that be very rare.

My body to the rereward
 Shall hym employe, as place most meete,
 Where he hys lyff shall then hazard
 To dy at mysterys pretty feete.
 For I had rather chuse to dye,
 And yeeld my self to my sweete fo,
 Then thus to pyne in mysery,
 My hart in care and grypyng wo.

My gallant lads, with wepons stand,
 In flamynge armes glystryng lyke sun,
 Ahe! waveryng trowpe, ahe! lusty band,
 I see I have yower currage woon.
 These wyllynge harts, redde to fyght
 For master dere that am to them,
 Declares there wyll to say there myght,
 Which shewese them to be warlyk men.

I see them rage muche lyke a storm,
 There harts and currage be so grete;
 The do not looke as the woold moorn,
 But to my mystrys shake there threte;
 Who withowte strok doethe me oppres,
 Holdynge my lyff and yeek my brethe;
 For yt ys she whom I dowbtles
 Offendyd have, most worthy dethe.

Ah! my good God, let us abyde,
 It ys not teares that lesson can
 Those boylunge flames which from me slyde,
 Tormentynge me, unhappy man.
 I am her slave, her traytor bothe,
 That thus agaynst her dyd rebell;
 Hathe she not cawse for to be wrothe,
 And towards me to be erwell?

A rashe attempt, a fleetynge brayne,
 A enterpryse most hard and fand;
 What washpyshe hete dyd in the rayghne?
 Her goolden beemes woldest thowe withstand?
 The meche of thy most burnynge hete
 More kyndled ys by thys thy deede;
 The glowynge flames wyll so the frete,
 That of her help thowe shalt not neede.

Therefore in tyme unto her hye,
 And to her grace thyself submyt;
 For nowe a tyme thowe mayst espye
 That she wyll all thy faltes remyt.
 More fyt yt ys my self to yeelde
 To her that ys my mistress dere,
 Then trayterowsly to stand in fyelde,
 And afterwards cum prysoner.

Behold yower slave, my lady feare;
 Behoulde hys fyeld, hys sole, hys hart,
 Before yowe stand in tremblynge feare,
 Humbly prayinge yower ire convert;
 Into yower hands I me betake,
 Correct me nowe as yowe see cawse;
 For I wyll never yowe forsake,
 Thowghe I be rent with lyons pawse.

And I do crave even at yower hand,
 Yf that yt stand with yower honer,
 As gage I may for my poore band
 Remayne with yowe yower prysoner.
 So shall my army clap there hands,
 In yeldyng pardon unto them,
 And say, "lo, yonder mercy stands,
 Who hathe forgeeven us poore men."

Yf, in recevyng my request,
 Yowe do me gyve in yower sweet bands,
 Good keeper, graunt to me at lest
 I may fynde favor at yower hands,
 Suche as yower face doethe promys me;
 ffor there suche pytty flowyng ys,
 As makes me to yowe captyve be,
 To lyve in suche a lastyng blysse.

Olyver Carrant. *John Fyldyng.*

LX.

*A newe ballad entytuled, Lenton stuff, for a lyttell munny ye maye
have inowghe; To the tune of the Crampe.*

Lenton stuff ys cum to the towne,
The clensynge weeke cums quiklye,
You knowe well inowghe you must kneele downe;
Cum on, take asshes trykly,
That nether are good fleshe nor fyshe,
But dyp with Judas in the dyshe,
And keepe a rowte not woorth a ryshe.

Herrynge, herrynge, whyte and red,
Seeke owt suche as be rotten;
Thowghe sum be hanged, and sum be dede,
And sum be yet forgotten,
The tyme wyll cum the displynge rod,
Thowghe idolls dum make many od,
Wyll fyrk owt som that feare not God.

Walfflet oysters, salt and greene,
Are trym metes to be eaten;
Trusty subjects to there queene
Neede never to be beten.
And a sallet, sure as God, exceeds,
And must procure dysgestion needes,
Thats pyct so pure yt hathe no weedes.

Lylly whyte muskells have no peere,
The fyshewyves fetche them quyklye;
So he that hathe a consciens cleere
May stand to hys takkell tryklye.
But he that seekese te set to sale
Suche baggage as ys olde and stale,
He ys lyke to tell another tale.

Newe place, newe, at every tyde,
Thys ys the common cravyng;
In every place let them be tryde,
That are of yll behavyng.
For suche as of beyond say smell,
The cum to far to savor well,
As I here the common people tell.

Carp is cownted verry good,
A trym fyshe and a daynty;e;
But yf yt smell onc of the mud,
Whole geeve a grawte for twenty?
So suche as carp at every thyng,
Whereof no good accord doethe spryng,
To the carren crows there carkas flyng.

Goodgyns make a goodly dyshe
For suche chees as be syklye;
And as yt ys a foolyshe fyshe,
And wyll be taken quyklye,
So many a goodgyn nowe adayse
Is cawght and coseynd sundry wayse,
To make a foole at all assayse.

And as thys lent tyme many seekes
For yerbs and sallets daynty,
I never in my lyf sawe lykes
In every place so plentye.
For every man lykes what he lust,
And as he lykes he puts hys trust,
So fewe or non belyke be just.

Of nettells lykwyse there be store
In sallets at thys season;
For men be nettled more and more,
With palltryse passynge reson;
And sum uppon a nettell pysse,
That see not where the nettell ys;
And many a on fynds fault at thys.

Fygs, thowghe fewe com owt of Spayne,
Thys Lent tyme are grete plentye,
There ys suche discord and dysdayne,
That fygs can not be deynty.
For "a fyg for yow," sayth John to Jone;
And "a fyg for thee," saythe man to man;
And "a fyg for yowe all, do what yow can."

Reasons grete and reasons small,
Undoubted a grete meanye,
Have byn thys Lent at Westmister Hall,
And sold for many a penny.
And nowe to London be the cum,
To the burs, I thynk, to talk with sum;
For deynty mouthes wyll not be donne.

Pepper ys come to a marvelous pryce,
 Som say, thys Lenton season;
 And every body that ys wyse
 May soon perceve the reson.
 For every man takes pepper ithe nose,
 For the waggynge of a strawe, God knowse,
 With every waverynge wynd that blowese.

With mace I mene to make an end,
 For after pepper lyghtly
 The maces many men do send,
 That glyster fayre and bryghtlye.
 And he that meetethe with that mace,
 Is sure to have a restynge place,
 Tyll the law and he have tryde the case.

Then Jake-a-lent comes justlynge in,
 With the hedpeece of a herynge,
 And saythe, "repent yowe of yower syn,
 For shame, syrs, leve yower swerynge."
 And to Palme Sondag doethe he ryde,
 With sprots and herryngs by hys syde,
 And makes an end of Lenton tyde.

Finis, quothe W. Elderton.

LXI.

To the tune of The downeryght squyre.

Ons dyd I aspyre to loves desyre,
 And wot yow not whye?
 Because I would knowe the plesures aroe;
 The more foole I.

And styll I was told, I myght be bolde,
And wot yow not why?
Because she dyd profer, yt made me to offer,
The more foole I.
Then went I full curteusly
Her favor to obtayne,
Sayinge truly, that "yow are she
That must me joye or payne;
For sure, my dere, yowre bewty here
Hathe made my hart so sore;
Unles that yow do helpe me nowe,
My lyff I do abhore."

Then was she full frawght with glee,
And wot yow not why?
Because she thawght suer she had brawght me to the lure;
The more fole I.
Then was she coy, at every toye;
And wot yowe not whye?
Because for to have her, I ever showld crave her;
The more foole I.
Yet sawght I styll her mynd to fulfyll,
Prayinge her to pytty me;
But styll she denyed, and ever replyed
I was worthy a better then she.
But yet in space, my ladyse grace
Waxd kynd, I wot not howe;
The wanton elf dyd yeld her self,
And sayde she woold have me now.

She sayde she woold have me, and never denaye me,
And wot yow not why?
Because she felt gayne, which was to my payne;
The more foole I.

But styll she was cachynge, and evermore snachynge,
And wot yow not why?
For looke what she wysshed, she had what she missed,
The more foole I.
But thys past on dayse many a on,
In pleasaunt sport and playe;
And oft we decreed what thynges we showld need
Agaynst ower marriage daye.
But soft thys hast went all to wast,
As playnely shall appere;
My lyttell foole must go to the schoole
Untyll anöther yere.

She must to the mother; to get her another,
And wot yow not why?
As nete to the netherd, so sheepe wyll to the shepard;
No more foole I.
For synce she ys gon, I wyll make no mone,
And wot yow not why?
Because he ys blest that cares for her lest,
And so do I.
For now she loves to lyve of chaunge,
And stowpes to every praye
So he that wyll cache her, had neede for to wache her,
Or els she wyll sone away.

LXII.

My Kebbell sweete, in whom I trust,
Have now respect and do not fayle
Thy faythfull frend, who ys most just,
And shall not in hys frendshyp quayle,
But prove hym self as just and true
As ever sowthe was fownd in yow.

For fleetyng tyme, nor wastfull sword,
Nor tawntyng gyrds, sawtred in art,
Shall make me to forgo my woord,
Nor from my faythfull frend astart;
But wyll be fownd as tryed gowlde,
As frendlynnes requyrs yt showlde.

Thy tender hart to gentell kynde
Dothe show what rase ingendred thee;
A nobell hart in the I fynd,
Which makes me to thy wyll agré,
And ever wyll and ever shall,
Thowghe I showld dwell in lastyng thrall.

Lothsom dysdayn dothe swell to se,
And ragyng ire dothe boyle allso,
For sowthe trew faythe grounded to be
In harts dwellynge on yerthe below,
Wher the do thynk that hydden guylle
Dothe trap men with his subtyl wylle.

I wcowld I had the nymbell wynges
 Of mylk-whyte dove that clyps in schye,
 In fethers then I would be clad,
 To mownt over the mowntaynes hye,
 And lyght on the I would be bolde,
 That kepethe fast my hart in howlde.

John Manton.

LXIII.

To the tune of Fayne would I fynd sum pretty thyng to geeve unto my lady.

When Troylus dwelt in Troy towne,
 A man of nobell fame a,
 He schorned all that loved the lyne
 That longd to merry game a.

He thowght his hart so overthwart,
 His wysdom was so suer a,
 That nature could not frame by art
 A bewty hym to lure a.

Tyll at the last he cam to churche
 Where Cressyd sat and prayed a,
 Whose lookes gave Troylus such a lurch,
 Hys hart was all dysmayde a.

And beynge wrap in bewtyse bands,
 In thorny thawghts dyd wander,
 Desyrynge help of hys extreemes
 Of her dere unkell Pandare.

When Pandar dyd perceve the payne
That Troylus dyd endure a,
He fownde the miene to lurch agayne
The hart which Troylus lured.

And to hys neece he dyd commend
The state of Troylus then a;
“Wyll yow kyll Troylus? God defend!
He ys a nobell man a.”

With that went Troylus to the fyld,
With many a lusty thwake a,
With bluddy steed and battred sheeld,
To put the Grecians bak a.

And whyle that Cressyd dyd remayne,
And sat in Pandares place a,
Poore Troylus spared for no rayne
To wyn hys ladyse grace a.

Yet boldly thowgh he cowlde the waye
The spere and sheeld to breke a,
When he came where hys lady lay,
He had no power to speke a.

But, humbly kneelynge on hys knee,
With syghes dyd love unfolde a;
Her nyght gowne then delyvered she
To keepe hym from the colde a.

“For shame,” quoth Pandar to hys neece,
“I spek yt for no harme a,
Of yower good bed spare hym a peece,
To keepe hys body warme a.”

With that went Troylus to her bed,
With tremblyng foote, God wot a;
I not remembryng what the dyd,
To fynysh love or not a.

Then Pandare lyke a wyly pye,
That cowld the matter handell,
Stept to the tabell by and by,
And forthe he blewe the candell.

Then Cressyd she began to scryke,
And Pandare gan to brawle a,
“Why, neece, I never sawe yower lyk,
Wyll yow now shame us all a?”

Away went Pandare by and by,
Tyll mornynge came agayne a;
“Godday, my neece,” quoth Pandare, “Ie.”
But Cressyd smyled then a.

“In faythe, old unkell,” then quoth she,
“Yow are a frend to trust a.”
Then Troylus lawghed, and wat yow why?
For he had what he lust a.

Allthowghe there love began so coye,
As lovers can yt make a,
The harder won, the greter joy;
And so I dyd awake a.

LXIV.

Wysdom woold I wyshe to have,
As Salamon requyred,
When God appoynted hym to craue
Whatsoever hys hart desyred.
Whereuppon, very well,
Salamon in Israell.

In every dowbt and jeoperdy
When justyce cam to delynge,
Cowld serche and shyfte by subtylty
Of every pak and pealynge.
Whereuppon, etc.

In hys tyme, as trubbells fell,
With many dowbtfull cases,
Too nawghty packs in Israell
Eche other there owtfaces;
Saynge thys to the kynge,
“ Judge for us a dowbtfull thyng.

We wemen bothe wer harbored
In won poore howse together,
And eche of us delyvered
Of chylde sens we cam hyther;
Wheruppon, etc.

And non cam in the howse but we,
 Wherof ower greef now growethe,
 That we are coome, o kynge, to thee
 To tell how the matter goethe."
 "Nobell kynge," quothe the won,
 "Here the thyng that I do mone.

Thys womans chyld was smothered,
 And whylst that I was sleepynge,
 The ded chyld hathe delyvered,
 And left yt in my keepynge."
 Wheruppon, whylst the strave,
 Whether of them the chyld shoulde have.

Then Salamon dyd call a man
 To brynge a sharp swoord lyghtly,
 To cleve the lyve chylde quykly then
 In half betweene them ryghtly.
 Otherwyse cowlde not he
 Well devyse them to gree.

With that the on full heddely,
 Whose cruell hart consented,
 Made answer verry redyly
 That she was well contented.
 Wheruppon, verry, etc.

The other kneelynge on her knee,
 Besawght the kynge, sore weepynge,
 To save the chyld, and rather she
 Shoulde have yt in her keepynge.
 Then the kynge stayde the blowe,
 Answerynge her pyty so.

"No dowbt she ys the mother dere,
Geeve her the lyve chyld quykly."
And all the peopell every where
Dyd lyke the judgment tryklye.
Whereuppon, etc.

LXV.

fa re my la.

On tyme I layde me downe to rest,
On slumbrynge sleepe I felle,
Me thawght I saw her cum to me
Whom I had loved well.

And as I musynge thus do lye,
That sleepe inclosde myne eye,
Then straye way to the dore she came,
And shut yt by and by.

Then bold was she to stand by me
With myrthe and merry chere,
She vewde the chaumber rownd abowte,
She saw the cost was cleare.

Me thawght I sawe her blushe was red,
As red as any rose;
And when she sawe howe nakte I laye,
She covered me with clothes.

Save won part that she dyd leve bare,
 Her cherry lypps to staye;
 The nyght I past so plesawntly,
 I forced not for daye.

In chyrpynge wyse she can then frame
 Her shryll and plesawnt voyse;
 The brute bests which in forest dwell
 To here her woold rejoyse.

LXVI.

Wemen to prayse who takes in hand,
 A number must displayse;
 But who so dothe most dysprayse
 Dothe most lyve at there ese.
 Wherat I muse and marvell muche,
 And shall do tyll I dye;
 And yf yow thynk I say not true,
 Ax them and yf I ly.

And when there husbands be from whome,
 Then wyll the spyn and card;
 The wyll not gossyp nor go gay,
 But then the fare full hard.
 The ryse betyme, the ly downe late,
 The labor earnestly,
 To save a peny or a grawte;
 Ax them and yf I lye.

And yf her husband chawnce to chyde,
She geeves hym not a woorde;
And yf he fyght, she answers hym
No more then dothe a bord.
But owt she goethe abowte her woork,
And takes all quyetly,
Except she crowne hym with a stoole;
Ax them and yf I ly.

Or els her ten commandements
She fastens on hys face,
That from hys cheeks downe to hys chyn
A man may se eche race.
The goodman then must were a clowte,
The goodwyff she wyll dye,
Her husbands hurt so hevily
She takes, or els I ly.

That to hys bed she wyll not coom,
Or with hym wyll be greede,
Except she have a petycote,
Or els som other weede.
And when she with her gossypes meets
She tels them by and by
How she her husband handled hathe;
Ax them and yf I lye.

"Well doen, good gossyp!" sayth the on,
"Yower practyse wyll we prayse."
"I drynk to yow for yower good deede,"
The second gossyp sayse.
And then to put the same in ure
Makes promys by and by,
Which the perform all to there power;
Ax them and if I ly.

Good wyves, of juddgment I yow pray,
 Yower varyd let us here;
 Yf all be fals or all be true,
 By yowe yt must appere.
 How ever that the matter stand,
 The truthe yow must dysekry,
 Or els yt ys not possybell
 To knowe and yf I lye.

LXVII.

When woman fyrst dame nature wrought,
 "All good," quod she," "non shall be nowght;
 All wyse shall be, non shall be fooles;
 For wyt shall sprynge from womens skooles.
 In all good gyfts she shall excell,
 There goodnes all no tounge can tell."
 Thot thys ys true affyrm dare I,
 I pray yow aske them yf I lye.

All huswyfry in them ys seene,
 Lord, how the keepe there howses clene!
 There only care ys how to plese
 There husbands, and to seek hys ease.
 The weepe to se there husband sad,
 The lawghe and smyle to se hym glad.
 That this is true, etc.

Not on that seekes her lovers payne,
Hys plesure ys her chefest gayne;
So muche the do withstand there wyll,
That all there thawght ys free from yll.
Clene clothes the were, but wot yow why?
Only to pleser there husbands eye.
That thys ys true, etc.

Yf grace were gon, non cowlde yt fynde,
Unles yt were in womankynde;
The are so true of woord and deede,
Yow may beleve them as yower creede.
The never chyd, unles the be
Constraynd to muche by crueltye.
That thys ys, etc.

Noe man, I thynk, could ever fynde
A woman yet to be unkynde;
Nay, rather wyll they dye the dethe,
Then wons to seek to breke there faythe.
For one true lover of mankynde,
A thousand women shall yow fynde.
That thys ys, etc.

There faythe and trothe hathe ever byn
So grete that prayse thereby the wyn;
There goodly manners and there lyves
Enforcethe men to take there wyves.
On them to lyghte whose chaunce yt ys,
May thynk he hathe a perfecte blysse.
That thys ys, etc.

Sythe nature gave thys gyft to them,
 Why showld I not extoll them all?
 Not gods nor nature yet can showe
 There goodnes all, that I do knowe;
 For nawght in them dothe sprynge or growe,
 But goodnes styll from top to toe.
 I say no more, but wot yow why?
 Me thynks I make to grete lye.

Finis, Wylliam Case.

LXVIII.

My hart is lened on the land, in langer of my ladye deare;
 My body on the se saland wythe sowrefull hart and syghinge sere;
 I so sycke, make my bede, I wyll dye nowe.
 I see no thyng but balynggeyr wheare I had wont under the wande
 Blythelye to heare the byrdys beyr, my heart ys lened on the land.
 I so sycke, make my bede, I wyll dye nowe.

I se no thyng to comfort me, but aye to syghe and be salande,
 While I be lodged under the lyne, my hart ys lened on the land;
 I so sycke, make my bede, I wyll dye nowe.
 At mydnyght ys my mornynge most, whan that my mynde remeues me,
 And all the daye the drerest that ever sayled on the see.
 I so sycke, make my bed, I wyll dye nowe.

Fare well haukyng and huntynge bothe;
 Fare well game, solace, and gle;
 Fare well, my ladye, fayre of face,
 I wene I wyll the never more se.
 I so sycke, make my bed, I will dye nowe.

Fare well, castell, towne, and tower;
Fare well, gardene that ys gren;
Fare well, hale, chambere, and bowre,
For I may not byde wheare I have bene.
I so sycke, make my bed, I wyll dye nowe.

Fare well, woodes wyld, I wene;
Fare well, frythe and forest fre;
Fare well, my lusty lady shyne,
Thus pas I syghinge over the see.
I so sycke, make my bed, I wyll dye nowe.

Thus pas I syghinge over the se,
In langer of my ladye swete;
Lord God wan wyll my douloure be,
O when shall I my true love mete?
I so sycke, make my bed, I wyll dye nowe.

Whan I beheld the wales weight,
In douloure I am lyke to dye;
Than all my myrthe ys turned to greefe,
Thus passe I syghinge over the se.
I so sycke, make my bed, I wyll dye nowe.

That beny burd gart brefe a byll,
And sende yt so farr over the see;
Hartelye I commende me hyr untyll,
So soberlye she sayde to me.
I so sycke, make my bed, I wyll dye nowe.

“Man, of thy barret thou let be,
My hart ys locked in thy bande;
Wytht the upon the se saland,
Geve thyne belevyd on the land.”
I so sycke, make my bed, I will dye nowe.

LXIX.

If that I must in order tell
 What vertues longe to monkish cell,
 Hee is not fit for cell or gowen,
 Thats not a glutton or a slowen;
 Sluggish, lecherous, for nought fitt;
 A drunken dolt, dewoyd of witt.
 He must eate at eache repast,
 Untill his belly welnighe brast;
 He must gussell in the wine
 Till he be drunken as a swine;
 And, if hee cann but chaunt it well,
 This man is fit for quire or cell.

LXX.

The albe and surplisse white doe note
 A life withouten stayne or spot;
 The horned miter represents
 Full knowledge in both testaments;
 The gloves, that beene all newe and white,
 Handlinge the sacraments arighte;
 The crosyer staffe most playnly shoves
 Reducinge of their strayed ewes;
 The crosse bookes scripture do portend,
 Of mens desiers the doubtfull end;
 Behold what truste and deepe devises
 Thes prelates have in their disguises.

LXXI.

Theare be three things doe well agree,
 The church, the court, and destinie;
 For none will ought to other leave.
 The church from live and dead doth reave;
 The court takes both the righte and wronge;
 And Death doth take the weake and stronge.

Three things are unsatiable, priests, monckes, and the sea. *Presbiteri, fratres,
 et mare, nunquam satiantur, etc.*

Preists, women, and the sea.

LXXII.

Nor horse, nor man, ere turned home,
 Ought bettered by the sight of Rome.

LXXIII.

Cuckold, my freinde, wilt mee beleive,
 Never expresse the thinge that makes thee greive;
 For if thy wife bee knowen once for a whore,
 Shee then will jade thee at thy open dore.
 It matters not so much to weare a horne,
 If that it might bee free from others scorne;
 Yet oft times hee that others doth deride,
 His wife lets others in his saddle ride.

LXXIV.

Adew, my pretty pussy,
 Yow pynche me very nere;
 Yowre sudden parture thus
 Hath chawnged much my chere.
 But turn agayne, and bas me,
 For yf that yow pas me,
 A better grownd shall gras me,
 Untyll another yere.
 Thowghe yow make yt daynty,
 Wemen wyll be plenty,
 When won man shall have twenty,
 There wyll be bownsynge chere.

Prynce Arthur cums agayne, sir,
 So tellethe me myne host;
 Dick Swashe keepes Salesbury plane, syr,
 And schowrethe styll the cost.
 But Jayne wyll jest no more, syr;
 Tyb was borde before;
 Kate she keepes the schore, syr,
 And schores yt on the post.
 Talk of other knaks, syr,
 Fyll no empty saks, syr,
 Put no fyre to flax, syr,
 Lest all youre gaynes be lost.

The market wyll be mard, syr,
 Yf corn and cattell faule;
 The syt but at reward, syr,
 That sarve in slovens haull.

But pres amunghest the best, syr;
Smell owt every fest, syr;
Shrynke not for a jest, syr;
Stand up and take no fawle.
For he that fumes and frets, syr,
Syldom payse hys dets, syr;
Smaull gaynes myne ostys gets, syr,
When cards are cownted all.

My pretty wenche dothe smyle, syr,
To here me tell thys tale;
I wOULD ryde many a myle, syr,
To carry suche a male.
For she can syt asyde, syr,
Lyke a vyckars bryde, syr,
With all her poynts untyde, syr,
When she hathe in her ale.
But when she cums in place, syr,
Then she hydes her face, syr;
Thys ys all her grace, syr,
When her ale she sets to sell.

The peopell talk and prate, syr,
Of pus and her short lyff;
And of her mariage late, syr,
Men say there ys grete stryff.
But the gyrld ys gon, syr,
With a chokynge bon, syr;
For she hathe got her John, syr,
And ys ower vyckars wyff.
This ys no less in deede, syr,
Then holy churche dothe breede;
Suche serves at neede, syr,
To whet a blunted knyff.

Syns pus wyll part from me, syr,
 And do me thus muche wronge;
 Chyll have as good as she, syr,
 Before that yt be longe.
 Pus ys not contented,
 Full oft she hathe repented
 That ever she consented,
 And thynks she hathe gret wronge.
 But cowrtyers can not carve,
 Except the tyme dothe serve, syr;
 Thowghe thys be overthwart, syr,
 Remember me amunge.

Finis.

LXXV.

At bewtyse bar, where I dyd stand,
 When fals suspect accused me,
 "Jeo[r]ge," quoth the judge, "howld up thy hand,
 Thow art accused of flattery;
 Tell, therefore, how thow wylt be tryde,
 And eke whose judgment thow wylt abyde."

"My lord," quoth he, "thys lady fayre,
 Whom I esteem abowve the rest,
 Dothe knowe my gylt, yf any were,
 Wherefore her doome I lyke of best.
 Let her be judge and jury bothe,
 To me gyltles by her othe."

Then of ryght the cryer caulde a quest,
 And falshood was the formost pier;
 A pak of pykthanks were the rest,
 That came fals wytnes for to bere;
 Craft was the clark, the judge unjust,
 That sentens gave I shud be trust.

Then Jelus the jayler bownd me fast,
 And showed the verdyd of my bill.
 "George," quothe the judge, "now thow art cast,
 Thow must go hens to hevy hyll,
 There to he hanged by the hed;
 God rest thy sole when thow art dead!"

Then downe I fell uppon my kne,
 All flat before dame bewtyse face,
 And sayde, "Fayre lady pardon me,
 That now appele before yowre grace;
 For yf ever I were untrw,
 Yt was in to muche praysynge yow."

LXXVI.

The prymerose in the greene forest,
 The vyolets, the grow gaye,
 The dubbell daysés with the rest
 So merryly deks the waye,
 To moove my srytes through fond delyghts,
 Lyke pretty wons as the be.
 With hy!

The sweete record, the nytyngale,
 The leveret and the thrushe,
 Which whyps and skyps, and wages there teles,
 From every bank to busshe,
 And chyrrpyngly do pas the day,
 Lyke pretty wons as the be.

With hy!

Have over the water to Floryda,
 Farewell, gay Lundon, nowe;
 Throw long delés by land and sese,
 I am brawght, I cannot tell howe,
 To Plymwoorthe towne, in a thredbare gowne,
 And mony never [a] dele.

With hy! wunnot a wallet do well?

When Aprell sylver showers so sweet
 Can make May flowers to sprynge,
 And every pretty bird preparis
 Her wystlyng throte to synge,
 The nyghtyngale in every dale
 Then dothe her duty well.

With hy!

And as I walked towards poles,
 I met a frend of myne
 Who toke me by the hand and sayde
 "Cum drynk a pynt of wyne;
 Wher yow shall here suche news, I fere,
 As yow abrode wyll compell."

With hy!

“ Have yow not hard of Floryda,
A coontré far be west?
Wher savage pepell planted are
By nature and by hest,
Who in the mold fynd glysterynge gold,
And yt for tryfels sell.

With hy!

Ye, all alonge the water syde,
Where yt dothe eb and flowe,
Are turkeyse found, and where also
Do perles in oysteres growe;
And on the land do cedars stand,
Whose bewty do excell.
With hy! tryksy trym, go tryksy, wunnot a wallet do well ?



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